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Abyssinia Special

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GEOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

From the Triennial Report of the Board of Foreign Missions

ABYSSINIA is an independent, land-locked political division having a feudal government and occupying the greater part of the eastern part of the eastern extension of Africa. It is bounded on the north by the Italian colony of Eritrea, on the east by the French and British Somalilands, on the southeast by Italian Somaliland, on the south by British East Africa and on the west by the Sudan. A succession of plateaus rise one above the other from the west and culminate in the east in high mountains or abruptly descend into arid plains. The plateaus vary from 3,000 to 9,000 feet and the highest mountain peak is about 16,000 feet. The Blue Nile rises in north-central Abyssinia and it is upon this stream that Egypt largely depends for its annual inundations. The Atbara, which rises in Northern Abyssinia, is another important tributary of the Nile. In south-western Abyssinia is the Baro or Sobat River, a tributary of the White Nile, and on which our two Southern Sudan stations are located.

The area of the country is 350,000 square miles and it has an estimated population of 10,000,000. Half the population are Christian Abyssinians—the Tigreans in the north and the Amharans and Shoans in the central and south-central portions. The other half of the population consists mainly of the Mohammedan subject races of the Abyssinians—the Dankalis in the east and the Gallas in the south and the southeast. There are a number of Somali tribes under the jurisdiction of the Abyssinian Government in the east and south.

The present Abyssinians, as the name Habesh or Abyssinian is supposed to indicate, are a mixture of races. They are said to be of undoubted Semitic origin and most writers agree that the true Abyssinian is a mixture of Jewish, Arabian and non-Negro African tribes.

The Abyssinian language is Amharic which can be written. The Abyssinians who can write their own language are, however, very few in number.

MISSIONARY HISTORY

Few people realize that there were Protestant Missions as well as Ro-

man Catholic Missions in Abyssinia many years ago. It is true that the Roman Catholic missionaries antedated the Protestants by something like three hundred years, but there were Protestant Missions in Abyssinia a hundred years ago. They had noted men too! There were Samuel Gobat, who afterwards became Bishop of Jerusalem, and Messrs. Isenberg and Krapf. The latter after leaving Abyssinia went to East Africa and together with Rebmann carried on a work for many years. It was due to his reports that explorers such as Grant, Burton and Speke were led to undertake those journeys which eventually led to the discovery of Victoria Nyanza and the other lake sources of the White Nile. It was due to their reports of the mountain peaks that the discoveries of Kihmarara, Kenia and eventually Ruwenzori were made.

These early missionaries of Abyssinia had somewhat different ideas than prevail today. They laid *all* the emphasis on the preached Word. They went about disputing and preaching, paying little attention to the healing of the sick or the teaching of the young. Now the Abyssinians are past masters of the art of disputation. They love nothing better than argument. And there was always one great tenet of their Church which provoked discussion. The Abyssinian Church is Monophysitic. It holds that Christ has one nature and one person instead of two natures, as the Bible teaches. To many this would seem a dogma which should be left to the theologians, but anyone who can read a word in Abyssinia is apt to consider himself well fitted to discuss the most abstruse questions of religion. For example when Bruce was in Abyssinia the Church was almost split in two by the question of whether Nebuchadnezzar was a Christian or not, as God had called him, "My servant." Bruce when questioned by the high priest was astute enough to say, "In our country we leave such questions to learned men like your holiness. We laity do not intrude into such things nor presume to know."

The early Protestant missionaries, however, sought to answer such questions in the light of the gospel and although their books show a knowledge of the Bible and theology that few of us can equal, yet they did not make themselves as useful as they should in healing the sick or in opening schools; nor did they make permanent houses for themselves nor organize churches. So when the crash came, when the Emperor Theodorus defied the English and expelled or imprisoned all missionaries and other foreigners in the country, there was almost nothing left in the country to remind the Abyssinians of those who had so faithfully sought to refute error and preach a holier conception of Christianity than that held by the formal, feast-loving, saint-worshipping, Abyssinian Church.

Only a memory remained, which in the Abyssinian mind was doubtless connected with the English war and their defeat, and Abyssinia became decidedly averse to those foreigners who would undermine the faith of her people in their ancient belief, and perhaps bring war that would endanger the independent existence of their country. So we see

they had some reason for their aversion to admitting missionaries again. Who would blame them? Especially with Italy attempting to pinch off great tracts of Abyssinian territory on the north, the Sudan doing a similar service on the west and the French from Somaliland seeking to get their share on the east. Just as the Spanish in Mexico tried by force to convert natives on penalty of death, so in Abyssinia at different times, Christian rulers have compelled Gallas and Mohammedans in Abyssinia to be baptized. And all European governments had seemed to have ulterior motives for every interest they had ever shown in Abyssinia, so it was scarcely to be expected that a missionary attempting to work in Abyssinia would meet with a welcome.

The only Protestant missionary in Abyssinia for many years was the old and very greatly revered Dr. Cedarquist of the Swedish Mission. The Swedish Mission had work in Eritrea, which was formerly Abyssinia territory, but their sole representative in Abyssinia was Dr. Cedarquist. He exerted a wonderful influence in a quiet way. Some of the boys whom he taught are today leaders in the country. When the representatives of the United Presbyterian Church came, they found some of these young men, who were a great help to them. Soon after our Mission was established in Abyssinia Dr. Cedarquist died, but his influence still remains. The Swedish people have sent other missionaries since that date, but their efforts are practically confined to the capital, Addis Ababa, with the exception of the work that has been established at Nekempti and Harar.

FIRST CHURCH OFFERING AT SAYO

By Mrs. Esther McCracken Gilmor

SAYO Church Building serves both as a church building and a schoolhouse. For some time it has been too small to accommodate all those who attend. Two years ago, through gifts from the Sixth Church, Pittsburgh, we were able to build two new additional rooms. We felt this would certainly carry us through until after the New World Movement was completed. Both to our surprise and dismay, we found that within a year, once more we were crowded. Within the past year two more rooms have been added. Even now we are hard pushed for space. Mr. Henry's Sabbath School Class which averages forty has to meet in the hospital building. During the dry months this matters little, but it is most inconvenient during the rainy season from April through October. We all knew that we must have a church building and we wanted our own Christian people to have a part in its building, so we began talking about a new church. The first free will offering came from an unexpected source.

Effio became a resident of Sayo Mission Station not long after its establishment. The story of her coming, of her staying, and of her departure, is an interesting one to the missionaries. She was of the Anuak tribe, which lives near Gambeila, in Abyssinian territory and not far from the Sudan border. In a raid in that section, Effio was cap-

tured and brutally treated. In the struggle her chest was badly injured, having been struck with the butt of a rifle. She was in a painful condition, but nevertheless was sold as a slave to another master. Later because of weakness she was not able to give service to her master as he desired, and was being beaten one day, when Mr. Robert Alexander, an American Negro, now living in Abyssinia, came along. He purchased her on the spot, and gave her, her freedom and a place in his household. When Alexander joined the forces of the American Mission at Sayo, Effio came to our station. She suffered much with lung trouble, brought on by the injury done to her chest. When Alexander moved to Gorei, Effio was not able to make the journey, but she remained in the care of the Missionaries, who helped her to exist. She was happy here, planted a few garden things each year, and provided what things she could for herself. The remainder of her simple needs were provided for her. She was a grateful person, and all gifts were thankfully acknowledged. Sometimes she made special visits to the homes of the missionaries to express her emotions, because she was so happy. Then there would be a native Anuak dance, and Effio would sing in the Anuak language, "Lami Juok, lami Juok!" (Praise God, praise God).

Abouth a year ago, Effio's sickness became critical, she had much difficulty in breathing, and was not able to eat. She merely lived and suffered, and then the end came. She knew the end was coming and disposed of her belongings. Some of her household things she gave to her neighbors, but a little money and some chickens, she bequeathed to the mission. These constitute the first free will offering given to the church building fund of Sayo, not much but nearly ten thalers.*

Effio was a pagan African by birth, she learned of the kindness of God to her and many days did she sing, "Lami Juok, lami Juok!" (Praise God, praise God!) Without a doubt her heart was brim full of gratitude to the Master, whom her simple heart knew in her simple way.

The Abyssinian women who have been meeting once a week to sew, also expressed a desire for a new church. But in this country it is very hard for women to earn any money. Even in America, I'm sure you have often heard the men of our churches jokingly remark, that they are the ones who really give toward the work of the Women's Board. But out here a husband never thinks of giving a wife even a tamone (five cents). Women can earn money by carrying wood. The wood carriers are our very poorest women, however. To sell wood they must go out to the forest which is three or four miles away, chop down wood, and carry it back to the market. They receive only one tamone for all they can carry on their back at one time. In this way they do not get rich quickly. Women who belong to the middle class, so to speak, earn money by working for missionaries or other Europeans. They clean and grind wheat, also clean and roast coffee, and for this work

*One thaler is equalled to 50 cents of American money.

they get a tamone a day. The Amhara women, who are generally fairly well to do, spin cotton and make the finer *wayas*. But in a district such as Sayo, there is not much of a market for fine *wayas*, the people around here make use of the coarser type of *wayas*. So from this you can guess how very hard it is for our women to make enough money, to enable them to give an offering to the church. In times past, the women have met for sewing once a week, and on these occasions the missionaries took turns in furnishing unbleached muslin, allowing the women to make garments for themselves. Our attendance then often averaged sixty, but now that they meet to pick, fluff, and spin cotton we have an attendance varying between thirty and forty. These women we feel are sincere, and really want to have a part in the new church. I think they really enjoy these meetings. After the cotton is spun the thread is taken to a weavers and woven into *wayas*. Since all our women do not spin with the same ability, the *wayas* made by them are the coarser type, and there will always be a market for them. So far from the sale of these *wayas* the women have given twenty-five thalers towards the church fund. What pleases us most about this, is the fact that we know they are "cheerful givers," because they receive no praise or recompense for attending these meetings.

The women are not the only cheerful givers. Announcement was made in Sabbath School that on the first of each month an offering would be taken for the new church. It was made very clear, that no record would be kept of the names of those who gave, nor would any attention be paid to the individual amounts. In this way we hoped to discourage any one who might give in order to be seen of men. The missionaries, I must admit, looked forward with fear and trembling to that first Sabbath. It always takes an Abyssinian a long time to decide to part with a tamone. Imagine how happy we were when the first offering was forty-seven and a half thalers. Now do not think that most of this amount was given by the missionaries. The writer does not know what the individual missionaries gave, but certainly not more than ten thalers were given by the missionaries. As far as we were able to judge, the money was not given for show. There were some exceptions of course. As soon as the subject was mentioned, an Amhara man came boldy forward with a silver thaler held between his fingers conspicuously, that all might see. There were many amusing incidents that morning. There were those who had forgotten about the offering, so they busied themselves scurrying about trying to borrow from their more fortunate friends. One man amused us all, after the offering had been taken up. He stood up and began a search. Down deep into his pockets he delved and with much deliberation from the very depth found some tamones. This man has been a patient in the hospital, and because of his malady, was dubbed "Job" by the missionaries, but as he stood up there, taking his own time, it was not his own patience but that of the missionaries which was tried to the

very limit. After he had finally gotten his coins to-gether, he dropped them one by one onto the plate. Perhaps we should not judge, but our impression was that he was quite proud of the seven tamones contributed to the fund.

But in contrast to these stories there were many sincere givers. How we wish that for your benefit, we might know the stories behind some of the gifts; that some gave as a real sacrifice we know. One of our teachers had just shortly before told Miss Blair how hard he was finding it to make ends meet. This Christian boy had an interesting story. At one time he was working in the home of a missionary but his work really was not satisfactory, although the missionary found no fault with the boy himself. Wanting to help him, the missionary gave him work in the hospital. Here he was faithful enough but not happy or satisfied. Again he was transferred to the school, where he had found his place. He is a good teacher, gets on well with the boys, and is faithful in the performance of all duties. He has been teaching almost two years. During February he married a widow with two children, taking the two children into his own home. This is common enough in America, but not ordinarly done out here. He has found that a family takes money. He had to sell his coat to get money with which to buy food, and yet he managed to give several thalers toward the first offering. There were those, who while they did not give thalers gave tamones to the extent of one tenth of their monthly earnings. We had tried to make it clear that this first would not be the only offering, and it would be well for each individual to give something definite, the first Sabbath in each month. Many have told us that they did this.

Our second offering has been taken. It amounted to seventeen thalers and one tamone, not so high as the first, but really a good offering. If we only knew more about the gifts and the givers we could write more freely, but I am sure that you will agree with us that these offerings have been acceptable in His sight.

THE BOY'S BOARDING SCHOOL AT SAYO

By Mrs. D. C. Henry

WHEN we arrived in Abyssinia in the fall of 1922, we found the opening of a boarding school for Galla boys to be one of the dreams in the hearts of the Russels. They had in fact already erected a few native huts to shelter some boys and grain had also been grown for part of the food supply of this first boarding school. These plans were not to be soon realized. The right to teach had long been given solely to the priests of the Abyssinian church. They were not anxious to let anyone else have a part in this function, due to the facts that as teachers they had always been able to take in a few dollars as tuition and that they were opposed to any interpretation of the Bible other than their own. So through the opposition of the priesthood, which resulted in an order from the High Priest in Addis Ababa, the first plans for a boys' boarding school did not immediately materialize. But who can stay the will of God? Opposition has

sometimes delayed the execution of His will but not forever. In this case the delay was not for long years and in the spring of 1924, the dreamed of boys' boarding school was opened.

How hopeful and prayerful we all were! Would the boys come? We thought perhaps a few would come and that with these a beginning could be made. However we were not able to go forward slowly. Inside of a few months we were overcrowded and were turning many away.

A PART OF THE MORNING SCHOOL AT SAYO
Courtesy of Foreign Board

Although the first year was very successful in numbers it held many difficulties. Just what to feed the boys was sometimes a problem. Our ideas and theirs did not always agree. They, boylike, demanded all they thought that they could get. And we on our part, even when food was available at reasonable prices did not know how to prepare it to suit their tastes. Some of these things seem petty now that they are past but at the time they were real problems, indeed.

This year has been more encouraging than the first. We have made it somewhat more difficult to obtain admission into the boarding school. We have tried to get assurance that the boys were coming with an honest desire to learn. When a boy has no nearby friend to be his sponser we have required a deposit of a few dollars to insure his remaining through the school year and not departing over night with his hands full. We feel that this is a decided improvement over last year, when we took applicants without anyone knowing who they were. In a few years we hope to have so established our work in the eyes of the people that we may ask for an entrance fee.

I have thus far spoken only about the material side of our work. There have been spiritual problems as well, and it is much more difficult to gauge their development. It is difficult because even when these boys

know nothing about God and His Son, Jesus, beyond the bare names, still they will profess to believe in them. Part of this is perhaps because the boys want to please us and part because they have an inherent belief in some power greater than human. Many of them do believe in God but they know nothing of His attributes. They often associate His presence with big trees or hills. It is our work to teach them about the only true and living God.

sinians recognize this habit in themselves and laugh about it, so to get the true sentiment of the heart is often difficult. In Mohammedan lands it is a great question not to be answered lightly, "Do you believe in Jesus Christ as your Saviour?" Many Abyssinians would answer the question readily in the affirmative without seriously meaning it. In order to tell whether a man's or boy's profession is sincere we have to watch his life and that

A GROUP OF AMHARIC SCHOOL BOYS AT SAYO
Courtesy of Foreign Board

The Abyssinian likes to please his listener. He will say "Ishe," which means "all right," to almost any question or request. Very often he has no intention of really meaning it. The governors and judges often use the method. When a request is made they often reply "Ishe, gouri" (all right, tomorrow). And tomorrow they say the same thing again. And so it continues until perhaps the person gives up hope and stops asking or until he brings enough money along with his petition. The Abys-

also has its difficulties. Nevertheless we feel sure that there are some boys who are trying to follow the life of our Greatest Example. We pray that they themselves may become examples of what a Christian ought to be. We need such examples among the boys that they may help lead the new ones in the right paths. All the people of Abyssinia need such examples. If we can raise up here Christian boys who can truly say to their friends and neighbors "Follow the Christ

with me," what a blessed thing it will be. This will not come to pass in a large way at once. For the seed time comes first and we have just begun to sow. May the harvest be great.

NURSING PROBLEMS AT SAYO

By Miss Elizabeth McKibben

WE are very fortunate in having several boys who have become very efficient in caring for the male patients. This helps out considerably, as they seem to take an interest in the work and enjoy doing it for their fellow men. But to get a woman who will really be capable of helping in the women's ward, is another question altogether. The girls who would be suitable to train are preparing to get married and would not think of working in the hospital. The married women have problems of their own and do not have time to have outside interests. As for the widows, their highest ambition is to get a husband so that they will not have to earn their own living.

Mametei had been a patient in the hospital and seemed to take an interest in the work. After she was well, we hired her. She proved to be like the statement, "A new broom sweeps clean." But after a few weeks, the newness had worn off and Mametei lost her interest in the work. I gave her several chances to prove her worth, but instead of improving, she got worse. The final mistake occurred one Sabbath. I had given her instructions about heating the milk for the baby with strict orders to feed him at six o'clock. On going to the hospital at nine o'clock that evening, I found the baby in tears and the mother trying to comfort him. Mametei was no where to be found, but the bottle of milk was still untouched. On questioning Mametei a little later, she said the baby was sleeping at six o'clock and she did not want to disturb him, so she went away and forgot about him. Feeling that Mametei was not the woman for this work, we sent her home, in spite of her protests and trying to assure us that she had always done her work well and always tried to please. We now have Dinserei and are hoping she will prove more efficient than her predecessor.

Another problem is teaching the mothers how to care for their babies. Bathing is a luxury which the people of Abyssinia seldom indulge in. It is a luxury because all the water used in a native household is carried on the backs of the women up a steep hill from the springs. So why carry water to bathe the baby, when it will only be dirty the next day. Some also think that if they wash the baby's face every day that is sufficient, because if they wash the baby too often it will get itch. This is just the opposite from what we try to teach, that itch is from dirt. When a baby is brought to the hospital, we bathe it every day and put clean clothes on it. Putting clean clothes on every day is an extravagance to the Abyssinian mother, because she thinks if the baby has one dress it is rich. Why should they spend money for clothing on a baby when a rag of any sort will be just as good!

The matter of feeding the baby is a rather different problem. If the mother is unable to supply milk for the baby, then the unmodified cow's

milk is just the thing to give it or even butter and in some cases, when they have a few teeth they are given field corn. When they are brought to the hospital we make a formula for them including in the formula a little cod liver oil. We also give them tomato juice. This to most mothers is foolishness, but because we say it is what the baby needs, they accept our diet for the baby.

In their homes, the mother would use a cup or can, if she had one, but if not then she just pours the milk into her hand and gives it to the baby, not even thinking to wash her hands. Of course in the hospital the baby is given a clean sterlized bottle and nipple. To the mother the bottle and nipple are very wonderful things with which to feed the baby, but why go to all the trouble and waste the time to wash and boil the bottles and nipples each time after they are used. To them dirt is just dirt and even if the nipple should fall on the floor, why wash it? Wipe it off with the hand and give it to the baby again, for if you wait to wash and boil it, the baby will cry and that is not considered good etiquette in the Abyssinian home.

But the mother finds that the baby is healthier and happier when it is given the proper food at the proper time and in a sterlized bottle using a sterile nipple. But even if they know it, it is still a little hard to carry out even a few of the rules we think absolutely necessary to a baby's health.

The boys who help us do not have the same ideas about things as we do and must be watched closely, and it is necessary to repeat instructions to them many times. They somtimes think that although the patient is sick, that the appetite is all right. And sometimes they are not particular about the food that is given to a sick patient. This is also true in giving baths. The other day I was able to stop a very sick patient from having a bath in the tish (Abyssinian bath tub). The boy who was giving the bath seemed to think that even though the patient was sick, that was not a just cause for not urging him to get out of bed and take a bath. The boys, though willing workers, cannot understand why a man, even if he is sick, cannot be treated as if he were well.

Diets seem to be a little difficult in this part of the world, especially for sick folk. Their diet at home consists chiefly of bread, a thick soup-like substance with much red pepper, and parched corn. They cannot understand why they are not allowed to have some of these things when they are sick. If they were sick at home their friends would allow them to eat what they want. At times one finds it rather hard to supply a soft or even a liquid diet for them. Yes, they will drink milk and chocolate. Some of them will eat custard, but most of them find that it doesn't suit their taste, because it has no red pepper in it. As for soups, they like them if they have a large amount of salt in them. But they soon get tired of all these and beg for their own food. They usually ask for raw meat, parched corn, hard boiled eggs, onions and garlic. To them these sound very appetizing, but we know that they are not the proper food for a sick person.

In spite of not agreeing with us on many things that we know are best, they realize that we are trying to help them to have strong bodies, but we are also giving them food for their souls. Many of them appreciate our efforts in bringing the Gospel to them and we have seen some of the results that have been accomplished.

In spite of a few difficulties and problems which one finds here, we are more than fully repaid for the efforts which are put forth to point them to the Great Physician, who can supply all their needs.

OUTINGS WITH ABYSSINIAN CHILDREN

By Miss Isabel Blair

THE children in Abyssinia like picnics just as well as do the children in America. There is no park or zoo, but to these children there is something even more wonerful, a machine. In their homes they have nothing like a machine:—no washing machine, vacuum cleaner or even a coffee mill. So to them any kind of a machine is wonderful, even the pump at the well.

About five miles west of Sayo is a sawmill and the same distance north is a flour mill. These have been here several years, but they are still unknown to many. As part of their education we took the girls to see them. Only the wealthy Abyssinians can afford a horse or mule, so of course none of our girls have any and needless to say we do not furnish them animals while in school. So if they are to see these sights, they must walk.

"Now if it is a nice day, we will go to the sawmill next Saturday. Can you walk that far?" A chorus of affirmatives is the answer.

"Remember it will take at least two hours and you will be tired."

"Oh no we will not get tired. We are strong. Why little Ragatu walked clear from Gedami to school and that takes four days. Truly we will not get tired."

"All right. Have some bread made ready to take, for we will stay all day. We will start right after breakfast."

How willingly those girls work on Friday; all smiles for we are going to the sawmill. Early Saturday morning we start. Two missionaries on horses (they are not used to hiking in this altitude and then a horse or two may come in handy with the little folk) and ten girls. For the first half hour the girls are so excited that they want to run all the time. They cannot understand that they should save their strength. Telling doesn't seem to make much impression; excitement is running high. Two of the smaller ones are looking tired and we get our big servant boy to put them on the saddle in front of us. A few little screams and clutches of fear and then they are enjoying it, while the others immediately begin to look envious and tired and lag a little. "Here's a big hill. Let's walk up and stretch our legs and let two girls ride each horse." So we go to the sawmill. Every once in a while the girls change or the missionaries must have a lift and so most of the time seems to be spent in getting someone on or off a horse. Now we are going along nicely when I hear

a little scream. I look around to see Miss McKibben and Wancha almost under the horse's feet. Fortunately the horse stands still and the boy is near enough so no harm is done. The saddle slipped and with an extra person's weight was soon hanging over the horse's side. No other accidents happen and after three hours we get to the sawmill, hot, tired and hungry. but supremely happy. But we can't eat until we have seen this wonderful mill. The water power is on and the man is very kind and shows us how each separate machine works.

"Just see this one. It makes a rough board smooth."

"This one can put holes in a board in just a second."

"Oh look at that wheel it can cut a piece of wood off before you know it. Just think what is would do to your finger."

But here is the marvel of all. It can cut a board off of a big log that runs on a track just like a railroad. We gaze and gaze,—all eyes. Some even seem to think that by opening the mouth, sight is improved. Maybe it is, I did not try it. Oh yes, and there is the electric light. There is no jazz (kerosene) or wood, but there is a light. We can tell how bright it would be at night by putting a hat around it. The man offers us sawdust to eat; all we want. The girls' eyes are full of wonder until they smell and feel it, then there are smiles and laughter. It is nothing but wood; we couldn't make bread of it.

At last we go to a shady spot and eat lunch and rest. If the girls had their way, there would be no rest for either the missionaries or the man at the mill, but we must remember that the road home is longer because excitement will be gone. After an hour's rest, it looks like rain so we get started. Going home is much like going out; probably a little longer because of more frequent changes of riders. We come into the yard about five thirty, tired but proud and happy because we too have seen one of the wonders of Sayo, the sawmill.

"Now we have seen the sawmill, we must go to see the flour mill. The first nice Saturday we will go."

The day came. It was ideal. The missionary had the wanderlust in her veins, but the girls' clothes were wet. They wash on Friday and during the rainy season it often takes all Saturday to dry them. What shall we do? We may not have such a good day again this term. Let us look and see what clothes are dry. It is muddy and they would only get their nice clean clothes very dirty, so it would do just as well to wear some others. The girls, all eagerness, soon produce all the dry ones. Here are two or three with one dry dress apiece and there are four dresses belonging to Warei who is sick in the hospital. I think we can find enough, so we get ready.

This time Hada Biretu, the house mother, goes along. She was not feeling well when we went to the sawmill, so did not get to go. Again we have two animals, a horse and a mule. This time is different. The girls start early with the servant boy and it is half an hour before we catch up with them. One had the small food basket strapped on her back. This is passed around from

back to back, so that all bear the burden. Here is a long hill. Hada Biretu and I will walk and let the little girls ride. Two mount the mule and are soon half way up, but the other two are afraid and lean over and scream until the horse gets excited and we must take them off. Two feet are better than four when the two are one's very own. At the top of the hill, the missionary feels like walking farther, so one or two girls may as well ride.

"No, no. That would make them weak. Soon all of them would be tired and want to ride. They must not ride." This is Hada Biretu's verdict and since we made the trip in much shorter time than going to the sawmill, we think it must be right. In just two hours we reach the second wonder of Sayo—the flour mill. It is only a little mud house with two big stones run by water power, but just see how much it can do. See how fast the flour comes out! They are grinding corn.

"I wish we had one" sigh Agetu.

"So do I," we all echo. The girls grind their own corn for bread on a stone by hand. It must be done several times and is hard work. Some day we hope to have stones run by oxen or better still, by a windmill.

We see all the sights of the flour mill and seek a shady tree and lunch. After lunch the girls hunt wild flowers and berries, while we rest. All too soon it is time to start home. Immediately one girl wants to go to see her grandmother who lives just over the hill, and another wants to see her mother who lives on the opposite hill. It is too late now and they can come sometime again. That does not suit them and for awhile they are full of tears and sulky looks, but before long they all begin to play hide and seek in the bushes by the side of the road. They try to escape Hada Biretu and the missionary who are staying in the rear to see that none stray away or get lost.

So with shouts and gay laughter and some tired feet, we get home from seeing the second wonder of Sayo with hopes that some day we will see the third wonder every day —the windmill.

SAYO'S MEDICINE HOUSE

By Miss Ruth Beatty

WHEN we speak of a hospital we at once think of a building with tile floors, wards with nice white beds with white enamel bedside tables and everything to make the room bright and cheerful for the patients. If the operating room happens to be on the top floor of the building there is an elevator available. If the drug room is out of a certain drug, there is usually a drug store near by where the supply can be replenished.

If you were to visit our hospital at Sayo, you would probably say that it wasn't much of a hospital. Several years ago a stone building was constructed which was to be used as a store and work room in connection with the school. The building which we were using at that time for medical purposes was much too small and dark and so it was decided to use the new building until it was possible to have a real hospital building. Part of the veranda was fitted up with benches as a waiting room, while the other half was en-

a little scream. I look around to see Miss McKibben and Wancha almost under the horse's feet. Fortunately the horse stands still and the boy is near enough so no harm is done. The saddle slipped and with an extra person's weight was soon hanging over the horse's side. No other accidents happen and after three hours we get to the sawmill, hot, tired and hungry. but supremely happy. But we can't eat until we have seen this wonderful mill. The water power is on and the man is very kind and shows us how each separate machine works.

"Just see this one. It makes a rough board smooth."

"This one can put holes in a board in just a second."

"Oh look at that wheel it can cut a piece of wood off before you know it. Just think what is would do to your finger."

But here is the marvel of all. It can cut a board off of a big log that runs on a track just like a railroad. We gaze and gaze,—all eyes. Some even seem to think that by opening the mouth, sight is improved. Maybe it is, I did not try it. Oh yes, and there is the electric light. There is no jazz (kerosene) or wood, but there is a light. We can tell how bright it would be at night by putting a hat around it. The man offers us sawdust to eat; all we want. The girls' eyes are full of wonder until they smell and feel it, then there are smiles and laughter. It is nothing but wood; we couldn't make bread of it.

At last we go to a shady spot and eat lunch and rest. If the girls had their way, there would be no rest for either the missionaries or the man at the mill, but we must remember that the road home is longer because excitement will be gone. After an hour's rest, it looks like rain so we get started. Going home is much like going out; probably a little longer because of more frequent changes of riders. We come into the yard about five thirty, tired but proud and happy because we too have seen one of the wonders of Sayo, the sawmill.

"Now we have seen the sawmill, we must go to see the flour mill. The first nice Saturday we will go."

The day came. It was ideal. The missionary had the wanderlust in her veins, but the girls' clothes were wet. They wash on Friday and during the rainy season it often takes all Saturday to dry them. What shall we do? We may not have such a good day again this term. Let us look and see what clothes are dry. It is muddy and they would only get their nice clean clothes very dirty, so it would do just as well to wear some others. The girls, all eagerness, soon produce all the dry ones. Here are two or three with one dry dress apiece and there are four dresses belonging to Warei who is sick in the hospital. I think we can find enough, so we get ready.

This time Hada Biretu, the house mother, goes along. She was not feeling well when we went to the sawmill, so did not get to go. Again we have two animals, a horse and a mule. This time is different. The girls start early with the servant boy and it is half an hour before we catch up with them. One had the small food basket strapped on her back. This is passed around from

back to back, so that all bear the burden. Here is a long hill. Hada Biretu and I will walk and let the little girls ride. Two mount the mule and are soon half way up, but the other two are afraid and lean over and scream until the horse gets excited and we must take them off. Two feet are better than four when the two are one's very own. At the top of the hill, the missionary feels like walking farther, so one or two girls may as well ride.

"No, no. That would make them weak. Soon all of them would be tired and want to ride. They must not ride." This is Hada Biretu's verdict and since we made the trip in much shorter time than going to the sawmill, we think it must be right. In just two hours we reach the second wonder of Sayo—the flour mill. It is only a little mud house with two big stones run by water power, but just see how much it can do. See how fast the flour comes out! They are grinding corn.

"I wish we had one" sigh Agetu.

"So do I," we all echo. The girls grind their own corn for bread on a stone by hand. It must be done several times and is hard work. Some day we hope to have stones run by oxen or better still, by a windmill.

We see all the sights of the flour mill and seek a shady tree and lunch. After lunch the girls hunt wild flowers and berries, while we rest. All too soon it is time to start home. Immediately one girl wants to go to see her grandmother who lives just over the hill, and another wants to see her mother who lives on the opposite hill. It is too late now and they can come sometime again. That does not suit them and for awhile they are full of tears and sulky looks, but before long they all begin to play hide and seek in the bushes by the side of the road. They try to escape Hada Biretu and the missionary who are staying in the rear to see that none stray away or get lost.

So with shouts and gay laughter and some tired feet, we get home from seeing the second wonder of Sayo with hopes that some day we will see the third wonder every day —the windmill.

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closed with zinc sheeting and used as wards. One ward was for the women and children and the other was for the men.

A partition of mats was made through the front room which provided both an examining and a treatment room. In the treatment room two benches were put along the wall for the patients.

And now it is time to open the dispensary. But before work begins, we have prayers with the patients. Some of them are very attentive and two of the men want to learn more. Instead of insisting that they be admitted among the first to the dispensary, they accept one of our boy's testaments, and become very much interested in reading it.

The women are cared for, first. If a man becomes impatient and insists on being treated among the first, usually all that is necessary is to ask him if he is a woman and he will disappear out the door in no time.

After the patients are all cared for, there is an operation. The operating room, and drug room are upstairs. The former is the brightest room in the building. It can even boast of a skylight, which not only admits light, but water also. During a down pour of rain, it is necessary to bring several pans to catch the drops.

A patient never can tell just which end of the operating table is for his head and which is for his feet. A pillow is something new to him. Prayer always precedes an operation. After the operation, four of the boys carry the patient down the narrow stairs to the ward. Fortunately none of these boys have ever fallen going down these stairs, as sometimes we fear they might.

The bed to which this patient is taken is one made of unplaned boards. The Abyssinians never heard of springs. They often lace their beds with strips of leather, but as they are rather difficult to keep clean we prefer the kind that can be scrubbed. Three or four mats are laid on top of the boards and with the addition of a sheet, pillow a couple of blankets, and some bottles filled with hot water the bed is ready for Welda Mariam, the patient.

Galru's bed is just across the aisle from Welda Mariam's. He was brought into the hospital several weeks ago, on account of a gun shot wound. The bullet had shattered the bone between the knee and the ankle. Galru said that he was shot by robbers, but one of the other patients, who knew him, said that he was stealing coffee. Every day his wife would come to see him and would bring him something to eat. They couldn't understand just why they couldn't make a pantry out of the ward, and it took some preseverance to make them understand that we wanted to keep the ward as neat as possible.

At the other side of the ward is Garu's bed. This little boy was one of our willing helpers at the hospital, but an abscess on one of his hips developed and later tuberculosis which has made him an invalid for over a year, but even though he suffers much he never complains. His sunny disposition means much to those about him. Garu has helped not only many of the men and boys who have been in the same ward

with him, but his life has been an inspiration to all of us.

Every morning and evening we have prayers with the patients. The Abyssinians learn scripture verses very easily. After the scripture lesson, different ones make requests for prayer. The sick are always remembered.

What a privilege it is to work with these dear people, and to help them to come to know the Saviour about whom the Ethiopian eunuch learned and whom he accepted as he was on his way from Jerusalem to Gaza.

SAYO NEWS ITEMS

Dr and Mrs. Trudinger and two children of the Sudan United Mission and Dr. David Oyler of Doleib Hill are visitors at Sayo.

Last week Dr. Gilmor, the Trudingers and Dr. David Oyler made a visit to Fincho to make a professional call on the Governor's wife. During the visit three hundred and thirty-two persons were vaccinated.

Miss McKibben, our efficient nurse, spent four days in bed with malaria.

All the school children are looking forward to the mid term vacation which comes the last week of July.

Attendance at Sabbath School last Sabbath was one hundred eighty-nine. We also had our second collection which amounted to seventeen thalers. The first collection, taken about six weeks ago, amounted to forty-five thalers. These with twenty-five thalers realized from the sale of cloth made by the native women makes eighty-seven thalers or forty-three and one-half dollars American in a fund for a new church building.

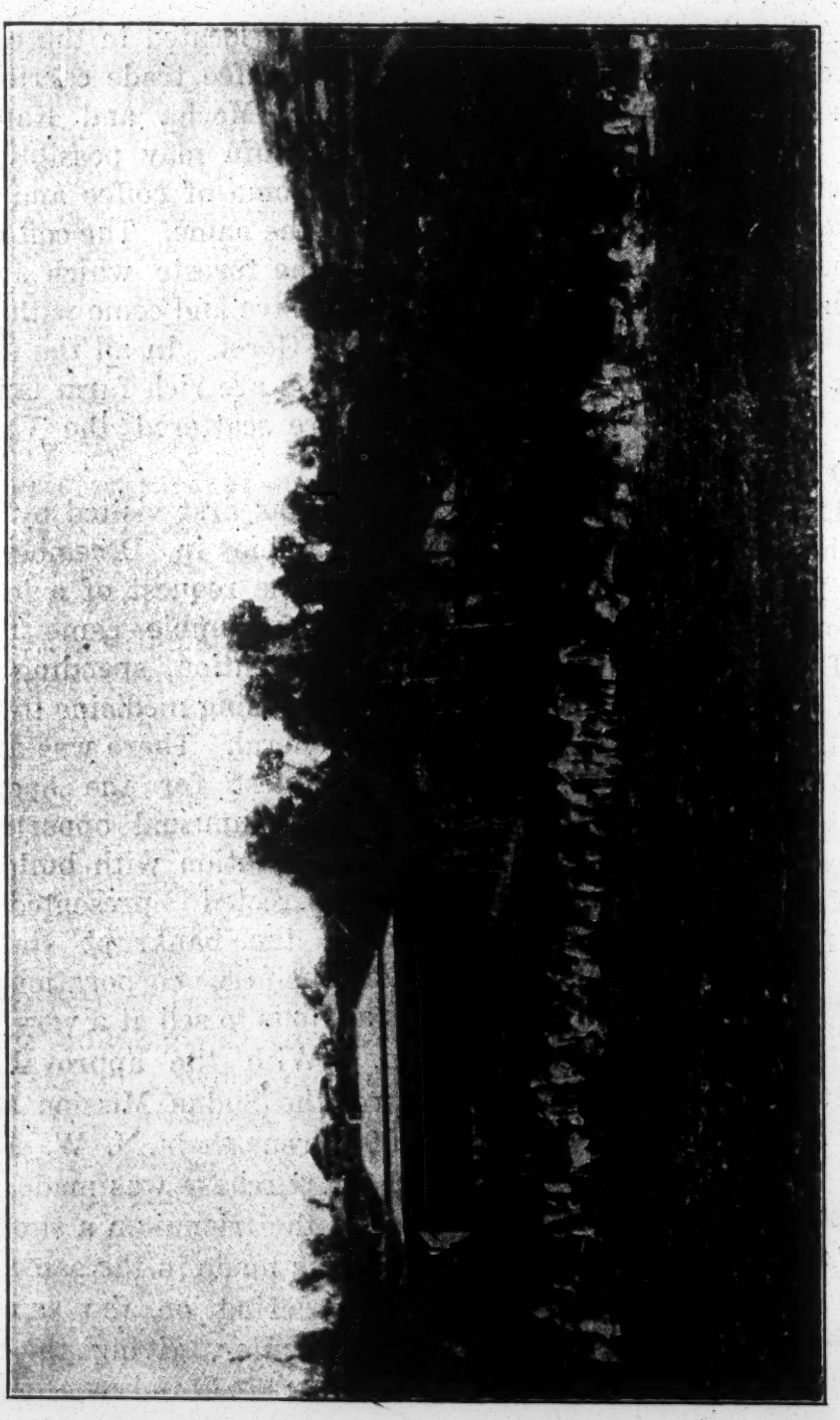
GOREI (1924)

GOREI, the third largest city in Abyssinia, is about twenty days' trekking from Addis Ababa, five days from Sayo, and five from Gambelia. It is located in the center of the great coffee trade carried on in Illababour, Mocha and Kaffa Provinces. Kaffa may possibly be the original home of coffee and responsible for the name. The coffee grows wild in the forests, which are dense and extensive and come within a few hours of Gorei. In all the intervening valleys are rich farm lands over which are scattered the Galla villages.

Gorei was first visited by Dr. and Mrs. Lambie in December, 1920, when at the request of a local governor Dr. Lambie came to bring medical attention, spending a week or so dispensing medicine to the people in general. There was an immediate request for the opening of work. An unusual opportunity to secure a location with buildings already erected presented itself through the bankrupt state of a large business corporation, which was anxious to sell at a very nominal sum. With the approval of the Board, the Sudan Mission advanced $5,000 from their N. W. M. funds and the purchase was made. At the close of the triennium a similar purchase was made in the same vicinity and bordering on the same great market center, giving the Mission sufficient land and equipment for development along lines other than the medical. New property for the medical work was purchased and presented as a gift to the Mission by Nado immediately upon the occupa-

tion of the station by the missionary party.

To open this new station the Board transferred the Rev. R. F. Shields, who had given one term of service to the Sudan, to Abyssinia at the end of his furlough in America. The Women's Board appointed Mrs. Ruth Lobaugh Walker to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Shields in the opening of the work. An Abyssinian young man, who had added to his Amharic and Italian education two years of Arabic and English study in the Boy's Home at Khartum and who joined the Protestant church there in 1922, was asked to go with Mr. Shields as interpreter and helper.

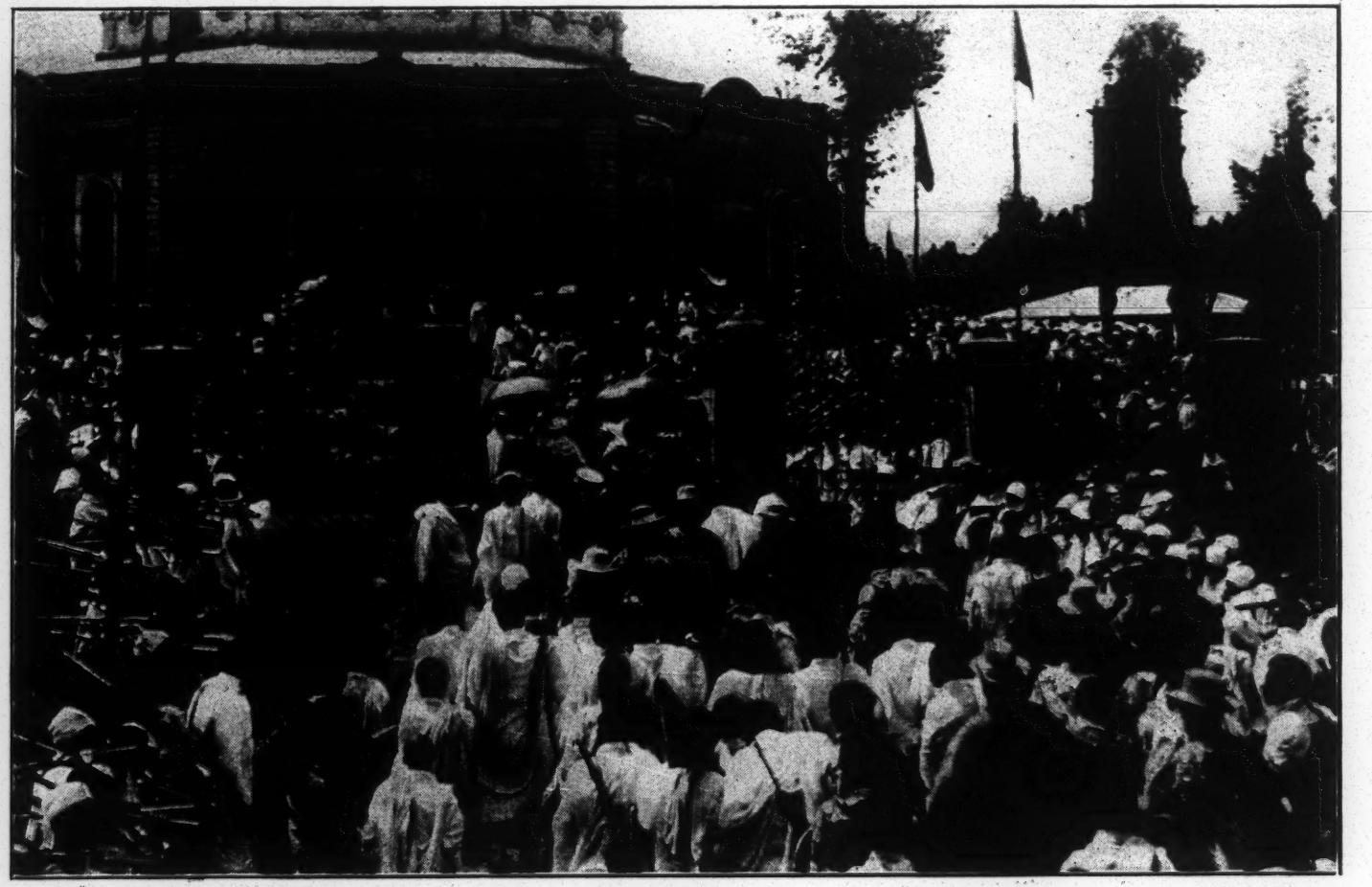


Courtesy of Foreign Board

THE FIRST PROPERTY OF THE AMERICAN MISSION AT GOREI

The location of mission activities described in this Report. The property faces one corner of the market square. The Governor's residence is on the crest of the hill at the right.

THE W. S. GEORGE MEMORIAL BUILDING OF THE TAFARI MAKONEN HOSPITAL AT ADDIS ABABA
Courtesy of Foreign Board



CROWN PRINCE TAFARI ENTERING ST GEORGE'S CHURCH UPON HIS RETURN FROM EUROPE

This church is the "St. Peter's of Abyssinia" and said to have 500 priests in attendance. At least five miles of streets were lined with rifle-men for this triumphal procession of the Ras and his barons and lords.

Courtesy of Foreign Board

Mangasha joined the party at Khartum as they traveled up the Nile to Gambeila and Sayo. Several months were spent at Sayo, the time being utilized in language study, before all was ready to travel on to Gorei and open the work early in 1924.

From Triennial Report

"HERE IS MY BOY. TEACH HIM THE WAY OF GOD."

People are still calling Gorei the Capital of Western Abyssinia. Certainly it is the commercial center and the largest town. From the top of this high hill, one can see in every direction many miles of valley, forests and farms to other and higher mountains beyond, from which are seen the smokes of a myriad Galla villages and farmhouses. Along the paths that wind in and out among the trees, along the streams and over the hills, there come lines of carriers bringing loads of coffee or beeswax or grain, and who will carry back muslin and salt. The paths are worn smooth and deep by the feet of Gallas who have come to Gorei for money and who have carried away from Gorei to their homes, often many days distant, nothing from the Christian West but cotton goods and salt, the taste of very bad whiskey and a rankling memory of cheating and abuse.

It has been God's will to set the American Mission schools on two important roads; even on the market square where the people from many, many miles all congregate to sell and barter. Already they have noticed these foreigners who do not buy nor sell. Perhaps their inquiries are mostly idle curiosity. But some have brought their boys and, more wonderful, a few have brought their girls to be taught the virtues of the Christian West. More and more they will come, and soon these many smooth, deep paths through the forest and over the hills will know the feet of those who carry back to their Galla villages the love of Christ, the Light of the world.

Not all who come are porters. On the second day of school, a group of soldiers scurried into the gate, heralds of some man of importance. He proved to be a high customs official, an Amhara. His clothes of white madras were spotless and his "shamma," the long, straight cloth which the Abyssinians throw about their shoulders, was of very fine thread and had a light green border. He wore a cartridge belt embroidered with gold. His feet were bare, as usual, but he wore a broad brimmed hat. He brought his son Bizuwerk—Abundant Gold. He told of his regret that he had not been able to attend school when he was a boy and of his thankfulness that his son would have a better opportunity, and left with the remark: "Here is my boy. Teach him as you think wise, but teach him particularly the way of God."

The same day a poor carpenter's apprentice brought a boy. He was a Galla, and this was the son of his brother who is dead. The boy's name is Kumsa, which in Galla also means "Abundant Gold." You would not have guessed this from his general appearance. He had a very bright face, but he wore no clothes except a tattered "shamma" about his shoulders, and he shivered in the

cold, damp wind. The missionary said to his pagan guardian, "You know, of course, that we will teach your boy the Bible and the Christian religion." He answered. "Yes, that is why I have brought him."

From Foreign Missions Hand-Book

A POST DAY IN GOREI

Setting:—Living room. A desk is provided with string, candle and wax for sealing post bag. A dozen letters also ready for the out-going post.

Characters:—Two women missionaries, post man, and boy of twelve.

Costumes:—The post man wears tattered and soiled muslin shirt and trousers. He carries a long slender staff and a post bag. The bag is of black oil cloth, tied with rope and sealed with wax, containing a small parcel of medicine, a package of six rag dolls, several letters and magazines for each of two missionaries and for the doctor.

The small boy has muslin trousers and shirt and a shamma. (A shamma is a muslin scarf about two yards square, and is draped about the shoulders). He carries bananas partly concealed under his shamma.

Enter the two missionaries, followed by post man.

First Missionary—"Oh, the post at last! We can be thankful the bandits didn't get this one."

Exit post man.

First Missionary—(opening post bag) "This is good strong string. We must save it for the out-going post. (Distributes post into three piles). The doctor will be glad to get this parcel. I'm sure it contains the vaccine he has been needing so long. It is fortunate that this is in powder form, for there is less chance of its having lost its virulence. You remember the vaccine which was made in Addis Ababa by a French Firm; how it was packed in a banana leaf, with instructions to the postman to dip it in the water as he crossed streams from day to day to keep it cool; and how he forgot to do this with the result that the vaccine was of no value when it reached the doctor? I'll take this out and send it to him immediately." (Goes out with doctor's parcel and letters, and returns to open her own post).

Second Missionary—(Opening a parcel of dolls). "These dolls are the very first to reach us for our little girls. I see they are from a girl's Sabbath School Class and that they have made them themselves. Aren't they cleverly made? How I wish Simbo might have one. Just as the doctor supposed, her father never brought her back for the final examination after her operation, and we have lost sight of her. But perhaps her little contact with the Mission was enough to make her eager to come to school when she is a few years older. At least I hope so. Her home is several hours away, and her father would have to carry her, so one doesn't wonder that when he saw her able to run and play about without pain, he thought it was unnecessary to bring her back. But there are other little girls who will appreciate the dolls and we will just save them for future occasions."

First Missionary—"Oh, here is a letter enclosing pictures which I sent home to have developed about three months ago. Isn't this splendid of Mulunish? (A picture is passed to the other Missionary). Do you remember the day she returned to school after five month's absence from Gorei? Poor weary, footsore,

little girl, I could have cried when I saw what she had gone through in order to return to school. Her father had fled from his debtors and taken her with him one dark night just before Christmas. So little

MULUNISH WITH HER DOLL

Mulunish was not with us for our first Christmas celebration in Gorei, though she had been a pupil in the girl's school for five months. She had walked three day's journey, carrying a little basket of corn for nourishment, and the last morning had been sent into Gorei alone by those who brought her from her father. She came directly to the school upon her arrival instead of going to see the relative with whom she is now living. You have met the Nun from the native church who is a great aunt of Mulunish. The child looked very tired and her feet were sore, but her face fairly shone when she saw the other girls and realized that at last she would be able to return to school. She hadn't forgotten that one of the requirements was a clean dress, for her very first statement was to the effect that she had a new dress to wear on Sabbath. She realized that the dress she had on would not meet the requirements, so hastened to assure me that she would have a new dress for special occasions. She has it on in the picture. Through the kindness of the Sayo Missionaries, we had a few dolls for our first Christmas tree and had saved one for Mulunish, hoping that she would return some time to enjoy it. She knew exactly what to do with it. She wrapped her shamma about it and tied it to her back just as she sees the Abyssinian mothers do their small children. Her mother was accidentally shot when Mulunish was a small child, and she had only the care of her father and the sister of her grandmother, who lives inside the church compound. In school she is very clever and there is a bright future for her if we can keep her a few years more. Her name means, 'Thou hast filled,' and certainly she has filled our hearts with love."

(Passing over second picture.)

"This one of Belianish is cunning. It was taken before she was ill with small pox and later suffered so with her eyes. For a time we thought she might lose her right eye, but daily attention made it almost well again. That inquiring look on her face is most characteristic of her.

Nothing escapes her. Her bright eyes remind one of a small bird, and her constant chatter is not unlike a whole flock of them. They tell me that her father, who is a tailor, is obliged to close the door of his shop,

BELAINISH

with Belainish on the outside, when he has some very special work to do. Her chatter drowns out even his machine. When she first came to school I thought we never would get her to the place where she didn't feel she was the center of attraction, which she was more often than not. Finally I said to myself, 'I'll give her one more week to settle down and begin to listen to what *I* have to say.' That very week she suddenly became attentive, and is now a model little pupil."

(Enter boy with bananas)

Second Missionary—"Ah, here's a boy with bananas." (Turning to boy). "How much do you want for your bananas?"

Boy—"Fifty cents,"

Second Missionary—"What, fifty cents? Don't you think I ought to get them cheaper than that."

Boy—"Please, Giftie, these are nice ones, and such a big bunch. My home is two hours from Gorei and I have carried them all the way."

Second Missionary—"The last bunch I got was much larger and I paid only half as much. I'll give you thirty cents."

Boy—"No, I can't let you have them for thirty cents. You have much money, Giftie, why will you not give me what I ask?"

Second Missionary—"Now you know that one of your own people wouldn't give you twenty cents for these bananas, so if you will not take thirty cents and a cup of coffee you may just take them away."

Boy—"All right, you may have them."

(Missionary goes out and returns with three dimes and a small cup of unground coffee).

Boy examines dimes on both sides and returns one).

Boy—"This is a bad one."

(Missionary gives him another which he accepts with a deep bow.

The coffee he ties in a corner of his shamma. Exit boy).

First Missionary—"Well, isn't this thoughtful of some Junior child. I don't know who she is, but she asks what her Society can do for the little children in Gorei. Wouldn't it be nice to ask them to save their Sab-

bath School cards for our little people here. I can't think of a thing that would be more appreciated. When I answer this letter I am going to tell them about our old grandmother who comes to our women's meetings. Poor old soul, she is nearly blind now. I saw her this morning climbing up Gorei mountain, her long staff her only support to guide her way. But I'll tell these Juniors how on one special occasion we gave Bible picture cards to our guests. This old lady took her's to the Abyssinian Church, saying, 'I'm just a poor woman. Why should I have such a beautiful thing?' So today it is on the church wall where all can enjoy it. Did I ever tell you about the time I gave a little girl a brilliant red Christmas card? You know, I thought she would love it. Her first exclamation was, 'What does this picture mean?' I had to say it was simply a pretty card and that at Christmas season we liked to remember our friends with cards of this kind carrying our good wishes. She was disappointed, however, that it was not a picture of a Bible story, and when we swept the veranda next morning we found that Christmas card. She simply did not appreciate a card which didn't illustrate some Bible story. Next post must certainly carry a reply to this letter."

Second Missionary—"And here is a letter from Mrs. Campbell. Just let me read you a bit of it. 'I am not sure we can send you a nurse. We have none in view just now.' That doesn't sound very encouraging, does it? And how many nurses can we count among our close acquaintances at home. I'm sure they don't know how inviting the work is out here or there would be a dozen for every station in Abyssinia. With no nurse and no doctor in Gorei, since our European doctor won't be with us after this year, it looks as though the medical work would suffer during the coming year. With Sayo five days away, it won't be easy to get a doctor for emergencies, but I am sure God will take care of us in some way until a doctor or nurse at home feels the urge of service for the Master here. When I look around and see the results of the doctor's work during the past year and a half, it makes me wonder why such splendid work can not go on.

Perhaps we have not made the situation clear to the friends at home. Perhaps they don't understand the need of a doctor and nurse for Gorei. I guess we have not done our full duty in getting folks interested in our Mission, and we had better mend our ways. I think I'll go this minute and write an article for next month's Magazine, telling of our needs and the opportunities for service here." (Exit).

Second Missionary—(Ties up post and seals it). "Well, ten days ought to see this safely in Addis Ababa, and on its way to America." (Exit with post).

A VISIT TO ADDIS ABABA.

A part of the report of the deputation which visited our Mission Fields in 1923, "From Station to Station," by Rev. C. S. Cleland D. D. President of the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church.

BETWEEN Djibouti and Addis Ababa is a railroad. It was built seven years ago. This distance is five hundred miles. Two trains run each way during the week, and

these run only during the daylight hours. Traveling at night in Abyssinia would not be considered safe.

We left Djibouti December 30 at 6:30 A. M. Our first day's run was practically all up-grade and through as wild and desolate a country as one could imagine. French Somaliland looks as if it might at some time have had a shower of stones. Black boulders of all sizes and shapes lie strewn over the land in such numbers as to prevent the growth of much vegatation.

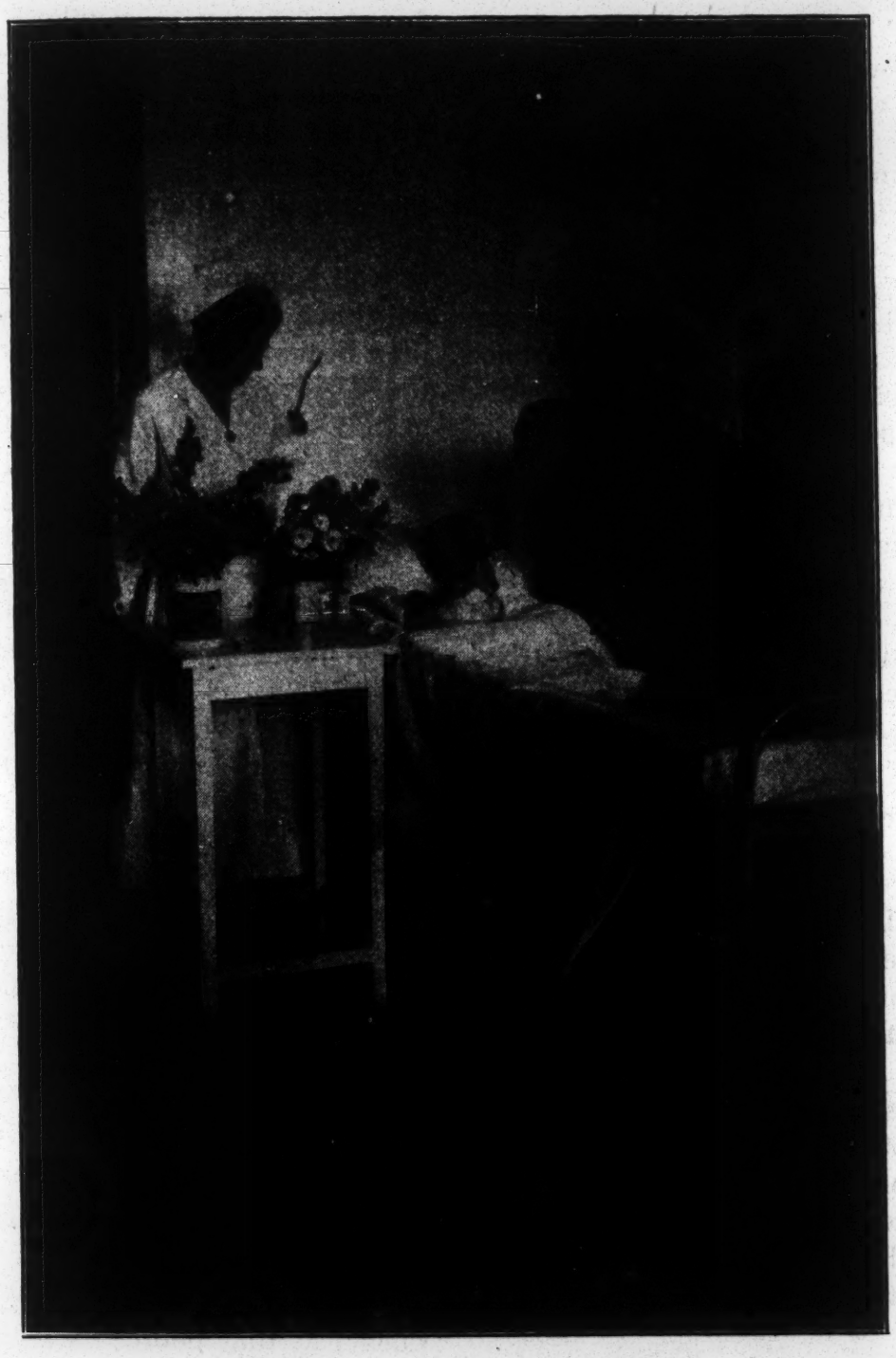
After crossing the line into Abyssinia, the road winds in and out among innumerable extinct volcanoes. The whole country has been upheaved and piled on edge. The valleys are filled with black lava, giving them the appearance of vast coal beds. It is a lonely region. Few people are seen. Here and there a herd of goats or a drove of camels with their keepers came into view. The wonder is that these animals find sufficient food and a greater wonder is that they find water. Wild life is not abundant. We saw a jackal or two, a few deer, several small herds of mountain goats, a variety of birds, and that was all. Further on we saw a species of diminutive antelope. As these little animals went bounding away on the approach of the train they might easily have been mistaken for jack rabbits.

The third day out was January 1, New Year's day 1924, and it was a day of continuous climbing. Already we had attained an elevation of more than 4,000 feet but 5,400 feet still remained to be scaled. We made slow progress, but the higher we went the better the country became. Great areas of tillable land lay about us in all directions. Here and there was a patch of cotton or a small field of wheat or corn. It was the beginning of wheat harvest, and a few men were in the fields cutting the grain by hand and putting it up in small stacks that looked like old fashioned bee hives. When Abyssinia develops, as it is hoped it will, much of this land will be brought under profitable cultivation.

At four-thirty we reached the crest of the mountain, and over against us still ten or twelve miles away lay the city of Addis Ababa. At five-thirty the station was reached. It seemed as if the whole population was gathered there. We supposed that they had come to welcome us but were soon disillusioned. It was the train they had come to see. The puffing locomotive was a far more interesting object to them than American missionaries or Board members. However, our reception was most cordial. The Lambies were there and the Wests and Miss White. Dr. Lambie's Ford was there and so was the Patriarch's Overland. We felt quite set up when we learned that the head of the Abyssinian Church had insisted on sending his car to convey us to the Mission.

Our first impressions of Addis Ababa were formed that New Year's evening as we rode through the spacious streets. The city has a population of nearly 100,000. Evidently its development has not been along carefully defined lines.

Most of the buildings seem to have just happened there. They are of every size and shape and material and style of architecture. Some look



DR. T. A. LAMBIE EXAMINING A PATIENT IN THE HOSPITAL AT ADDIS ABABA
Miss Hazel Ewing at the left. Miss Viola Bayne at the right

Courtesy of Foreign Board

as if they had been built to stand, others to fall down. The streets are wide, but paving is as yet unknown. The shop windows are attractive and interesting but entirely unlike those we see in American cities. As for the crowds they are enormous. Addis Ababa is about the liveliest city we saw any-where. Its streets are thronged with people and there are animals of every variety, sheep and goats, mules and donkeys, camels and cattle, and dogs! We never before saw so many dogs. If

any one needs a dog let him remember that in Addis Ababa they have them for export. One morning we counted thirty-two lying in front of a certain house and Dr. Lambie said it wasn't a good day for dogs either!

One thing noticeable is that neither man nor beast in Addis Ababa has become reconciled to the noise of a Ford. Lizzie's appearance is invariably the signal for a panic, a stampede, and a mild revolution. We saw citizens knocked down and rolled in the dust by mules in their wild flight, but for an Abyssinian that is a small matter. He arises, shakes himself, smiles and goes about his business as if nothing had happened.

The mission compound lies to the west of the city about two miles. It comprises a tract of fourteen acres and its location is ideal. It is on a hillside that slopes gently to the road. Thousands of eucalyptus trees grew here formerly. Many of them were cut down to make room for the new buildings but plenty still remain. Through the center of the grounds runs a tiny stream of clear cold water. Its source is a spring on the mountainside two miles away. It is expected that pipes will some day be laid and the hospital will have the advantage of pure running water.

We found on the ground two completed missionary residences, Dr. Lambie's and Mr. West's. There was also a stone building used as a clinic and two or three smaller buildings. Work on the hospital was progressing rapidly. The foundations were in and the walls were beginning to rise. The material used is stone, a kind of sandstone, cut from a quarry a couple of miles away and brought to the grounds on the backs of donkeys. The hospital promises to be a beautiful structure. When completed it will probably be the largest building in Abyssinia, and certainly the only hospital that is well equipped and up-to-date. It will have a capacity of one hundred fifty beds, and the Mission's plan is that it shall not only serve as a hospital and a center for missionary work, but also as a training school for doctors and nurses. One of the crying needs of Abyssinia is for men and women capable of bringing to the sick and suffering the ministry of healing, together with the gospel of Jesus Christ; and this need it is hoped the George Memorial Hospital will help to meet. During our one week in Addis Ababa we had headquarters at Dr. Lambie's but were the guests of all the missionaries. At the first evening meal, fourteen of us sat down together at Dr. Lambie's table. In addition to the Lambies, the Wests, the Douglases, Miss White and Miss Ewing, we had the fellowship of Mr. and Mrs. Rasmussen of the Danish Mission in Aden. A day or two later our numbers were increased by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Davis of Aden. Mr. Davis is the American Consul at that point.

It was a privilege to greet the brethern and sisters, of the Swedish Church. For years these devoted people were in Abyssinia before our missionaries arrived, but were unable to extend their work beyond one or two points because of official opposition. They were not idle, however. They gave themselves with

great diligence to the translation of the Bible into the language of the common people. They also prepared text-books and other necessary literature, and now as our missionaries enter the field they find all this in readiness for them. Thus the Swedes were unconsciously rendering a great service not only to their own cause but to ours. On Sabbath morning we had the pleasure of worshipping with them in their neat little church, and afterwards of seeing something of the excellent work they are doing in their boys' school.

While in Addis Ababa we were permitted to meet a number of men prominent in business and official life. The Hon. Mr. Russell, British Minister, received us very graciously, as did also Mr. Hume, the British Consul. It was a pleasure to take lunch one day at the home of Mr. Williamson, head of the Abyssinian Corporation. Another day we were guests of Mr. Collier, Manager of the Bank of Abyssinia, a gentleman who has shown his interest in our work in many ways.

ABUNA MATTHEOAS
THE HEAD OF THE ABYSSINIAN CHURCH

One of our surprises was an invitation to call on the Abuna or Patriarch, the head of the Abyssinian Church. This distinguished prelate had not at first been friendly to our work. It was by his orders that our school at Sayo was twice closed. He

had, however, been ill and sent for Dr. Lambie, and between the two there had sprung up a warm friendship which it is hoped may be the beginning of better understandings and relationships. When we arrived, His Eminence was in bed but he received us cordially, and for a half-hour we conversed with him through an interpreter. When we came away it was with the prayer that the Abyssinian Church, its Patriarch, priests and people may quickly be revived and restored to apostolic purity and power.

Perhaps the crowning event of our visit to Addis Ababa outside of the Mission itself was the reception accorded us by His Highness, Ras Tafari, the Prince Regent and ruler of Abyssinia.

He sent word that it would be his pleasure to have us as his guests at dinner on the evening of January 5. Arriving at the palace, we passed between two lines of soldiers to the veranda where servants took our coats and hats. Then we were ushered into a small room where we were received by two prominent officials, one of whom, Ras Nado of Gore, had been chiefly instrumental in securing Abyssinia's admission into the League of Nations. In a few minutes a door opened, and we were shown into a large , brilliantly lighted drawing-room simply but elegantly furnished. There the Ras awaited us, and his greeting was most cordial. In stature the Ras is rather small. He has refined features, an intelligent kindly face and a gracious manner that makes one feel quite at ease in his presence. His dress consisted of the ordinary Abyssinian white robe, over which he wore a long purple cloak. About his neck was a bright red silk band. He displayed very little jewelry.

After a few minutes of conversation through an interpreter, we were summoned to the dining-room, passing through a long corridor. Here everything was in harmony with good taste. The room was large and elegantly decorated and furnished but not over-done. The table was a vision of beauty. Knives and forks and spoons were of gold, and the chinaware was elaborately decorated with the same precious metal. Flowers of many kinds were artistically arranged. As for the dinner itself, it was just a thoroughly good substantial meal. While the Ras and his Princes had a few dishes *a la Ethiopie* the rest of us were served with such things as a person might expect to find on the table of any first-class European or American hotel. Evidently the palace chefs were informed as to the kind of food Westerners enjoy.

Later in the evening the Ras entertained us for an hour with moving pictures. They were mostly pictures of Abyssinia, especially of Addis Ababa, and were intensely interesting.

A day or two later we were again at the palace, the occasion being an afternoon tea to which we were invited. At this tea we had the privilege of meeting the Princess and her little son, a bright boy of eight years, heir to the Abyssinian throne.

On both of these visits our impressions of the Ras were favorable. There is no doubt that he is sincerely friendly to our mission work especially in its medical and educational

phases. It was he who gave the new hospital its beautiful site. When we were there he was proposing to construct a fine gate-way leading from the road to the hospital grounds, a work which has since been accomplished at the cost of several thousand dollars. It was also his purpose to lay pipe from the spring on the mountainside two miles away, thereby bringing a water supply into the hospital and other mission buildings. He spoke to us regarding a girl's school. This he is anxious the Mission shall establish as soon as possible and he expressed himself as willing to help the project in a substantial way. All this, of course, is exceedingly gratifying.

But the Ras is not only a friend to the Mission. He is an intelligent and progressive ruler. He realizes that Abyssinia is far behind western nations in education and material development, and he is anxious that she shall take a long upward and forward step. America is his ideal. On the walls of the reception room in the palace hung huge portraits of Presidents Wilson and Harding. For those two men the Ras has unbounded admiration. He spoke of them repeatedly and expressed the wish that he might have the support and guiding counsel of the United States in his efforts to set up and establish a just and progressive government.

Whether he will be able to realize his ambitions remains to be seen. Many of his people, especially the priests, are not with him. They desire nothing better than the conditions that now prevail, and may be counted upon to oppose all progressive measures. Our Mission, it would seem, has come to Abyssinia at an opportune moment. While we must exercise great care not to become entangled with the political problems that are so complicated, we may render helpful service in encouraging the Ras in his progressive ideas and in awakening in the minds of the people a desire for better things.

Already our medical work is well established and is exerting a wide influence for good. Other departments must soon follow. Schools are greatly needed, and direct evangelistic work should be begun. The people of Abyssinia need the gospel, for it, and it alone, is the solution of all their problems, the cure for all their ills.

A NATION PRESERVED FOR SOME HIGH PURPOSE.

Of such are the beginnings of a great undertaking. A number of years ago, Dr. Frederick Noble wrote a book on "The Redemption of Africa." He must have seen in vision these beginnings, for, in spite of Abyssinia's medieval conditions, the scarcity of schools, and the prevalence of illiteracy, he was moved to state that he believed "Providence had preserved this peculiar nation for some high purpose." And now as our missionaries, more or less familiar with Egypt and the Sudan, traverse the mountains and valleys of this hermit kingdom and meet her princes and nobles, her peasants and slaves, as they observe the possibilities for character building and the development of trained Christian leaders, and as they harvest the first fruits, the seal of God's approval upon these beginnings, they think

they are able to discover this "high purpose"—the plan of Providence in the evangelization of Africa, for "When Abyssinia is reborn with vital religion she can become a herald of salvation for Arabia and the Sudan."

Foreign Missions Hand-book

"A HEALING MISSION"

The following article appeared in *The National Tribune,* Washington, D. C., October 8, 1925. It will be read with great interest by United Presbyterians, who are now so deeply interested in Abyssinia.

"Twenty-five chaulmoogra plants, from whose fruit is extracted an oil that cures leprosy, are being sent by the Department of Agriculture to Ras Tafari, Prince Regent of Abyssinia. Coincident with the shipment of the plants to the African Kingdom, a second consignment of rare tropical fruit trees will be exported by the Department to Rama VI, King of Siam, in return for the King's gift of chaulmoogra plants to the United States.

Miss Viola Bayne, a representative of the Board of Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church, has been entrusted by Department of Agriculture officials with delivery of the plants to the Abyssinian Prince. Miss Bayne also will present the ruler the compliments of the Department as an evidence of friendly feeling between the two countries.

* * *

A request that the plants be sent to Abyssinia was received by the Department of Agriculture several months ago from T. Clifford Hay, of Saxonburg, Pa., who had just returned from that country. The plants are regarded as so valuable it was at first found difficult to obtain anyone who could be depended upon for their safe delivery.

* * *

From species of Chaulmoogra trees sent here by King Rama VI, it is said, the Department of Agriculture was enabled to grow 3,000 of the plants, which have since been transported to Brazil, Ecuador, Venezuela, Columbia, and other Latin-American countries where leprosy is prevalent."

NOTE:—Part of the articles intended for this number from Addis Ababa have not been received. The Board of Foreign Missions has kindly given permission to use excerpts from the Triennial Report and Foreign Missions Hand Book.

—Editor Women's Missionary Magazine

NOW God be thanked, who has matched us with His hour
And caught our youth and wakened us from sleeping
With hand made sure, clear eye and sharpened power
To turn as swimmers into cleanness leaping
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary.

Patricia's Calendar

By Miss Elizabeth Patton.

PATRICIA was comparing the calender for the new year with the diary she had kept during the departing year.

"Need days ever become monotonous and all alike?" she queried.

"Why, every date in the month can be a red letter day when it can bring us into contact with far distant lands and the work and workers there. From the prayer cycle one learns that lesson. Perhaps even today I may be helping win a Hindu convert or open the way to a Moslem village or give a new spirit of consecration to native Christians, such are the miracles wrought by prayer."

"But it is hard to pray understandingly and earnestly when places and people are only printed names and one has no flesh and blood contacts with them. That's where making and having missionary friends counts for so much. When you know folks you just can't help being interested in them."

"That's what makes some of the days on my red-lettered calendar look as if they were gilt-edged as well! Those are the days when messages came from foreign stations—who does not thrill and respond to the magic and mystery of a strange stamp and postmark?—or when I was privileged to communicate with them."

She glanced from entry to entry:

Jan. 2—Letter from Egypt. How sweet and thoughtful of——— to write. With such multitudes of duties how do missionaries find time for personal letters? I hope they don't feel they *have* to write. I ought to be content with writing them.

Jan. 5—Sent subscriptions in for my favorite magazines to go to——— and——— in India.

Jan. 30—Heard such a good address with lantern slides of foreign work. How people can sit tight with hands folded as the collection basket is passed after such appeals is more than I can see!

Feb. 10—Helped my Sabbath School class make scrapbooks to send to a girl's school in India. There are so many things like that which are greatly appreciated over there and are so much fun for us to make and send.

March 11—Letter from the Sudan thanking us for the books, etc. we sent there. Wouldn't it be a splendid idea if every U. P. teacher here would send some of her educational literature and textbooks to our mission schools?

April 25—Helped present a pageant. How can one escape seeing the viewpoint of the character he represents in the play—and if one feels how can he keep from doing something?

May 9—Such an interesting letter from Abyssinia telling of the work there.

June 1—Sent check to———orphanage. What a monument it and other institutions like it are to faith and prayer.

June 20—Prayed especially for ———and———whose names are written in my prayer cycle on this date. It is a precious treasure to

have the signatures of so many missionary friends!

July 12—Another letter with kodak pictures in it from Egypt. They certainly are appreciated.

Aug. 15-22—Summer conference. Made new missionary friends.

Sept. 3—Wrote, enclosing clippings, jokes, etc. to———in India.

Sept. 29—Sent birthday gifts to children of missionary in Sudan.

Oct. 1—Sent check for new building and equipment needed at———'s station in India.

Oct. 30—Started my Christmas shopping. Rather early, but have to get packages off to foreign fields. Books are always appreciated, easy to send, and travel well, but it's lots of fun picking out other things, too and wrapping them up for their long journey.

Nov. 2—Sent packages to missionaries. Felt like a Santa Claus with my arms full of bundles at the post office. Really, this is more fun than Christmas itself.

Nov. 27—Thanksgiving and Thank-Offering both this week. Really, one can not be truly thankful without offering something as an expression of thanks. How much we need to learn the lesson of true gratitude.

Dec. 4—Went to the railroad station to see———passing through. What a delight it is to see one's missionary friends occasionally, and how wonderful it would be to know them better and do more for them.

Dec. 25—Christmas! The birthday of the first foreign missionary. The time when friendship is sweeter and friendship more appreciated. In His spirit may we give and share and send throughout the year!

These are only samples of Patricia's "gilt-edged days," of which she resolved to have many more the coming year.

THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP

There is no power in this world like friendship. There is nothing as you look upon your life, that has shaped you, made you what you are today, so completely as the friendships in which you have been living from your childhood up. Now Christianity seems to be simply the perfection of the power of friendship. It seems to be simply the opening of the sky so we can see that, above every other friendship, above everything that shapes our lives, there is the power of God made manifest in Jesus Christ, so that he who passes his life in utter and entire obedience to that of the Great Master enters into the character of that Master more and more.

—Phillips Brooks.

Tribute of Women's Board on the Death of Miss Helen Jean Ferrier

"The memory of the just is blest."

By Mrs. H. C. Campbell

MISS Helen Jean Ferrier was born in Chicago, Illinois. She was a daughter of Alexander Murray Ferrier, son of the Rev. Thomas Ferrier, and his wife, Jennie E. Ferrier. Under the ministry of Rev. Dr. W. T. Meloy, she made a profession of her faith in Christ, at the age of nine years.

HELEN JEAN FERRIER

She was educated in the common school in Chicago and at Liberty, Nebraska. She attended the Academy at Pawnee City, Nebraska for two years, and attended Tarkio College for three years, graduating therefrom in 1898. After graduation she taught two years in Fort Collins Public Schools, Colorado.

From a child she wanted to be a foreign missionary and kept it in her mind all the years, but was especially impressed with the thought of her giving her life to that work ten years before she entered the Pawnee Academy, and all her subsequent study was taken with a view of foreign missionary service as her life work.

Her father died in November, 1899. When she left her home for Egypt she left behind, her mother, four sisters and two brothers. She

was the third of a family of seven children, and the first to enter glory.

Miss Ferrier worked her way through college and delayed her entrance into foreign service for two years in order to liquidate every outstanding obligation. In 1900 she offered herself for work in Egypt and was unanimously elected by the Women's Board, the Foreign Board and the General Assembly of that year. Receptions and farewells were given to her before her departure, in Denver, Colorado, Boulevard Church, in Liberty, Nebraska, in Crawfordsville, Iowa, in Hanover, Illinios, and the Women's Board in Pittsburgh. She sailed on the sixth of October, in the same party with the Rev. S. G. Hart, D. D., and family, who were also going to Egypt. She was stationed first at Alexandria, where she began the study of Arabic with the joyful hope of being able as speedily as possible to tell the glad tidings of salvation to many needy souls in that land.

At that time the length of the first term was seven and one-half years. During this period she was located in Alexandria, Cairo and Monsurah, coming home for furlough in the spring of 1908. While on this furlough she was very useful stirring up a great interest in the work by her wonderful addresses to as many missionary societies and congregations as possible.

In September, 1909, she sailed back to the land and the work she loved so well. During the next term of service she was located in Assiut and Luxor. While in charge of the Girl's Boarding school at the last named place, during the furlough of Miss Carrie Buchanan, it was the happy privilege of Mrs. J. B. Hill and Mrs. H. Campbell, commissioners of the Women's Board to visit the fields, to be her guests in the latter part of March, 1911. During these few days of sojourn together we learned to know and to love her as never before. Her charming personality, her winning ways, her influence over the hundreds of girls in that important school, all explain the love which the pupils and all others who came in contact with her manifested. She planned and accompanied us in our visits to the Tombs of the Kings and to Karnak, where the crude idea was conceived of the girls' school we now have in the last named place.

Her second furlough began in July, 1916. Her year and a half in America she spent as before, in visiting the members of her family, who were scattered by this time all over the United States, and doing what she could in missionary societies, Sabbath Schools and congregations by addresses to stir up a deeper interest in the work in Egypt.

She left America for the third and last time in October, 1917, and spent the remaining years of her life in Egypt in Beni Suef in charge of the Girls' School there, the work of Bible Women of the district, and everything else that she could possibly undertake.

She started on her third and last furlough in June, 1924. By a generous arrangement of her family at home, she went first to India to visit her beloved sister, Mrs. W. H. Merriam. Here she had the opportunity of seeing the work of our Missions in India, of spending the hot

summer with Mr. and Mrs. Merriam and the children in Landour, coming down from the hills and having the privilege of attending an annual meeting there. She returned to Egypt November 28, 1924, where she gathered up all her things and turned her face toward the homeland where the brothers and sisters were eagerly awaiting her arrival in New York on December 15, 1924. Here, surrounded by her best beloved, she began to take the rest which she had so well earned, and found out, to her surprise and theirs, that she was very badly worn out.

When arrangements for the outgoing party in 1925 were beginning, she was authorized by the Board to take a medical examination and, to our dismay and sorrow, it was professionally stated that she was in no condition, physically, to return to Egypt and that nothing less than an extension of a year to her furlough would be fair to her. With great regret on account of the cause, but by unanimous vote on account of the missionary, the Board extended her furlough period for one year, hoping that she would be able to return in normal health and strength in the autumn of 1926.

After it was decided that Miss Ruth A. Work, who had been serving the Women's General Missionary Society as Field Secretary, was to be allowed to return to Egypt, the position was offered to Miss Ferrier, knowing how capable she was and how well she would be able to perform the responsible duties of such a position. With hesitancy, on account of what she thought her inability the position was accepted, with the understanding that she was to make her own itinerary and begin her labors whenever it suited her. Early in the autumn she made out an itinerary to go through the missionary societies in the Iowa and Pawnee Presbyterials, but still felt not altogether rested, very tired at times and not quite normal in health. Upon writing to her brother, a celebrated surgeon, and telling him of her plan, he urged her to take a medical examination before starting out, which was promptly done. I quote from the last letter we received from her under date of October 9, 1925, "The enclosed letter doubtless surprises you as much as it did me. I knew I was far from feeling well, but had planned my speaking campaign through the Iowa and Pawnee Presbyterials in order to try out my strength. My brother urged me to take another medical examination, so I have seen a very fine surgeon here, whose opinion and skill I respect." Then follows the physician's diagnosis which, for obvious reasons we refrain from printing. "The plan is to go to the Henrotin Hospital next Friday night, and have the operation on Friday morning, October sixteenth." * * * "My sister, Anna Belle, lives about an hour from there, so can be in with me every day. I also have a number of cousins in the city. The doctor says I will need to be in the hospital for two weeks, and I will need at least two weeks more in which to convalesce. So you see the Field Secretaryship must be put off indefinitely. I am sincerely sorry to fail you, but I know you will understand. With best wishes and many prayers for the advance of His Kingdom, I am, lovingly, Helen J. Ferrier."

This letter was read to the first Tuesday morning prayer meeting after its receipt and daily and frequent prayers were had for her recovery by every member of our Board and her many very devoted friends who knew that she had gone to the hospital. The next word we had from her devoted sister, Anna Belle, was a telegram stating "Operation over. Getting along well." The next item was October eighteenth, "Helen looks better. Very weak, Nothing in the operation itself to have caused any alarm, but her resistance has been so weakened by her long stay in the tropics that there is very little left. Our brother, the surgeon, has been with her during all the operation and was very much pleased with the way the work was done and her apparent recovery. He felt so comfortable that he had started back, but a telegram reached him at Rochester, Minnesota, that she was very weak and he came back at once. After the best and newest of scientific skill and treatment, she has seemed to rally. Helen says she thinks she is going to live and my brother and her surgeons think so, too. * * * Please keep on praying that strength may come with the healing."

A letter from the same devoted sister on the twentieth says that Helen wanted our Board to know some of the particulars of her case. They were a great comfort to everyone of us to hear them, because it inspired our hearts with greater hope for an ultimate recovery. "She has been so calm and so willing that God would have His way that her surgeon said fervently, 'She is a rare woman.' "

At her request and our own urgent desire we still kept on praying and having frequent letters and felt very hopeful that God would answer our cries, when we were all shocked and grieved to receive the following telegram on the morning of the twenty-eighth: "Helen is slipping away rapidly." Her message to you is 'all is well.' " Imagine how our hearts fell and tears filled our eyes as we thought that we would never more see the sweet face of our beloved friend. With anxious hearts we kept on praying until in the afternoon the following telegram was received: "Helen fell asleep at two thirty." Then we knew that God's plans for her future service had differed from our plans, and that He had called her to be with Himself where she will continue to serve Him in that land where there are no partings.

Cables were at once sent to Egypt and to India conveying the sad information. Many prayers, public and private, were offered for the sister and her family in India, and for the work and the workers in Egypt who loved her so well and felt they needed her so badly.

A second telegram was received reading as follows: "Doctors did not give up hope until this morning. Helen felt all along that she was going home. Funeral Friday at 2 P. M., at Ravenwood U. P. Church. Burial beside her parents, Rosehill Cemetery. Last hours very precious She went joyfully to be with her Lord."

A floral offering, representing the Board, was sent in time for the funeral services.

On November first the heart-broken sister wrote a very beautiful

letter, giving full details of the illness, the triumphant going Home and the funeral services, from which she has allowed us to make the following extracts: "At frequent intervals every day, my brother my sister and myself slipped in, and Helen was always happy to see us. My sister bent over her Monday morning and Helen said, 'It seems strange to me to be lying here and just slipping away, Jean, to the land of the leal.' In broken sentences she said it had come to her during the night that she was going Home. We remonstrated, saying that we needed her here. She replied, 'O, I'll fight on, but I don't think I can make it.' * * * I want to stay with you, but God knows best.' The Moody prayer band was in session on Tuesday morning and they had special prayer for her, and we knew you were praying for her in Pittsburgh. God answered the prayers in mitigating her suffering. We think she had practically no pain at all after noon on Tuesday. Her sister, Mrs. Moore, stayed with her on Tuesday night, which seemed to comfort her much. On Wednesday morning we had several hours of precious communion and waiting with her. She was conscious, and during the morning asked if Mr. McCreery would have a little service. He gladly responded, but, before he came, the four of us had a little service of our own. Dear Helen sang *every* word of the Twenty-third Psalm, also two verses of "Safely Guarded." She spoke of her gladness to go home and of the joy for the reunion over there. She smiled when we told her father and mother would be waiting for the first of their seven children to come Home. She left personal messages for each absent member of the family. I asked her what verse was comforting her now. She replied, 'There are so many, but the one right now is, "I know," then halted, then steadily to the end in her weak voice, "Whom I have believed and am persuaded that He will keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.' " O, the triumph on her sweet face!"

"The last morning her mind seemed to dwell on heaven and her Home-Going and the joys in store. But earlier in the week she talked of Egypt. Her work among the girls seemed to burden her. She told of receiving so many lessons during her illness which she wanted to take to them."

Anything we could add would but spoil the beauty of the foregoing. There was a beautiful providence in the last two years of her life. The Father was leading her all the way. He led her to have her visit with her beloved sister and husband and family, then He brought her home to have a year with her beloved sisters and brothers and families in this land. Then He took her to Chicago, where she was born, where her father was for many years an elder in the First Church, and where the bodies of her father and mother repose in the Rosehill cemetery, and planned that her body should lie beside their's until the resurrection morn.

"Ten cousins attended the services in the Ravenswood Church, and two, the Rev. Findley Brown and Dr. Herbert Moore, took part in the services. Rev. Elbert H. McCreery,

whom she well knew as a missionary in Egypt and the Sudan, brought a message, using as his text Helen's verse, "I know whom I have believed," and gave a wonderful message on the beauty and comfort of a faith that *knows*."

"The first flowers to arrive were from the Chicago Presbytery, followed by a wealth of flowers from the various church organizations, Women's Presbyterial, Woodlawn church, Missionary Societies, etc. besides hosts of friends." * * *

"Every U. P. Minister in Chicago was present, and the church was crowded with friends. But, Oh, how deeply we mourn for the loss to the work she loved. Surely God's ways are not our ways. Perhaps the heavenly smile on her sweet face was sent to reassure us that He knows best."

Who can imagine the glad welcome she received when she entered the "land of the leal?" Not only the father and mother, but the hundreds of souls whom her life and teaching had brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.

Evangelism

A Symposium, prepared by Rev. R. A. Hutchison, D. D. Secretary of the Board of Home Missions of The United Presbyterian Church

EVANGELISM

By Rev. Johnston Calhoun, Long Beach, California

THE Primary and Supreme Task of the church, according Dr. Erdman, is Evangelism. The task is not confined to the Minister alone. It is a duty which devolves upon every member of the church. It is the God given opportunity of the Christian. It is the call sent forth by the one who has tasted that the Lord is gracious, to one nearest at hand, to come and partake of the feast. It is the testimony and witness of a saved soul. It is the evidence of The New Life within.

It is a rare privilege to contribute of our means to enable some other one to take up a station and proclaim the Good News, but how glorious is the privilege which may be had by even the lowliest of Christ's children to extend the invitation to the one in need.

All of the societies of the church should have this fundamental doctrine as the basis of every activity. It is said that in Korea, one is not permitted to become a member of the church, until he has proved his fitness, by bringing in two others. That is a splendid program, for it would discover to the individual the value of his own salvation. It would be the means of binding to the church all, especially the Young People, for activity is life. The evidence of the Christian life is Christian activity. Individual work for individuals is the solution of the Church's problem. Adopting this program she would go forth a glorious church, upon which God's richest blessing would be poured forth.

EVANGELISM THE SUPREME NEED TODAY

Rev. R. A. Pollock, D. D., Denver, Colo.

SPEAKING as a statistician, Roger Babson says that winning souls to Jesus is the most enduring investment of all procurable and the most satisfying and the most profitable. If Mr. Babson speaks as a statistician, how should we speak as preachers? We, who have seen men, bold men, bad men, good men, at the hour when the mask is off and the soul is naked before the Maker. We too know how deep is the need for presenting Christ.

There come times in our lives when we long for simplicity. We want, not towers, nor tolling bell nor solemn service, helpful as these are, we want the Christ, adorned in a single garment, going about doing good. There come times too when we want His simple presentation of the gospel. In most churches our people are loyal and our sermons are spiritual, but some way we are not reaching the folks who live in the home down the street, and this is the supreme need of the day. Christ talked to the common toiler by the seaside and He sent forth his disciples by twos and in that hour when the church was about to sink into a lethargy that would cause the Kingdom to be forgotten, a persecution arose and the apostles were scattered abroad and then they told every man the message of Jesus. Why should not the people of our congregations go forth by twos today? The church will not have succeeded in its task until every layman shall have had his "feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace."

Once an artist was painting a picture. On the canvass he sketched a poor, tired woman, hugging her child to her bosom while the storm was beating sorely on her wasted form. But as the artist worked, the scene got next his heart and he flung down his brush and said, "Why don't I go myself and help folks like these instead of painting pictures of them only?" This man was Alfred Tucker and he spent the last twenty-five years of his life as Bishop of Uganda. My thought is not that we should paint less, but that we should practice more.

THE HOLY SPIRIT AND EVANGELISM

By Rev. Charles E. Newcomb, Corsicana, Texas

EVANGELISM, in a narrow sense, simply means the proclamation of the gospel; but, in a truer deeper sense, it means the bringing of lost and sinful people to the Lord Jesus Christ, and making them truly Christian.

There are three kinds of evangelistic effort put forth in the world today, which might be called Pastoral Evangelism, Professional Evangelism and in some respects the most important of all, Personal Evangelism. For whether you are a pastor, a special evangelist, or an individual member of the church, all effort is useless without the guidance, and direction, and power of the Holy Spirit.

Men are not saved by fifties, or by

hundreds, or by thousands; but they are saved, one by one, usually by the personal, individual effort of another human soul, and always by the divine touch of the Holy Spirit.

The prophets and apostles, in the olden times, did not claim to originate the power by which they did "many mighty, wonderful works," or even to possess it in themselves. They all would have agreed with Paul when he said: "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us; "and Jesus said: "Without me, ye can do nothing."

D. L. Moody used to tell how, when he was a boy, he had to pump water for the cows, a task that was very hard and tiresome. Sometimes the well would go dry and leave them without water. When they bored down a thousand feet, they struck a spring that rushed up irresistibly, and needed no pumping. This illustration, the evangelist often used to show the feebleness of human efforts compared with the unwearied energy of the Holy Spirit.

There is a fable of the bellows and the hearth. The bellows complained that the more it blew upon the fuel, the darker it grew. "Perhaps," the hearth suggested, "it requires something besides your blowing to quicken it. What is needed is not your blowing, but there must first be a fire. When a fire is started, then your blowing will make it burn all the brighter." That fire, in our lives, is the Holy Spirit, without whom all our efforts and words are mere fruitless puffs of wind.

We are, therefore, led to believe that the Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the Godhead, is the principal agency manifest in the world to-day in bringing men to a saving knowledge of the Saviour, which is the first and greatest work in all evangelism. This age in which we live, of seemingly almost infinite power, appears to think it can get along without the Spirit of God. Men are becoming so high-minded, so confident in their own reasoning, as to sometimes ignore the absolute need of, and necessity for the Holy Spirit. Man's faculties, well disciplined according to the progress of the age, may accomplish many and great things; science and philosophy may rise to great heights. But let us remember that human intellect, with all its power, never saved one lost soul. It is only the Divine Spirit that can lift a poor sinful soul out of the dark region of sin and superstition, and place him in loving sympathy, and communion and fellowship with the living God.

Let us then be filled with the SPIRIT. Only thus can we grow in grace, or accomplish anything in the divine life.

THE PART EVANGELISM HAS IN A CHURCH REACHING SELF-SUPPORT

—My Personal Experience—

By David Steele Sharpe Multnomah, Oregon

AT the close of the General Assembly at Tarkio, Mo. in 1903, I stood on the platform at the station as the train pulled out bearing Dr. Alexander Gilchrist, then Secretary of the Board of Home Missions, having just promised him I would undertake new work in the city of Spokane, Wash. In September of that year the work was begun in a store room, used to supplement the public school facilities, which eventuated in the organization of the Third Church. On the opening day over fifty children and a few adults gathered in the afternoon and organized a Sabbath School with members of the First church in the majority, as teachers and helpers. We shall not attempt to narrate the story of seven years ("Seven years of Plenty" of labor) here, howsoever interesting it might be to me, but suffice it to say that at the end of that time, a congregation of two hundred members, three hundred pupils in the Sabbath School and the church self sustaining, were left—seven years being the allotted time when a congregation should reach that point.

During the entire work of those years Evangelism had the chief place in the program. Preacher and teachers gave the call to accept Christ and be saved. It was during this period that the Billy Sunday party visited the city and the Third church answered the call of a hundred new members, by building a new church.

After a few years spent in California the call of the Northwest was again heard, and answered by starting the new work at Multnomah, Oregon, a suburb of Portland, in the autumn of 1920. It was a second building on no other man's foundation, for the work here was begun in a portable school house generously donated by the city schools. The note of Evangelism has been the dominant call here as well. We count nothing on Institutional work, in fact work done in Boy's clubs added nothing. We neither solicit or cater to clubs, lodges, or other organizations, but believe that the "Word of God is the power of God unto salvation." We preach Christ crucified, to some a stumbling block to others, life eternal.

Five years ago this month we organized with fifty-eight members made up of eight different denominations. We have worked here and enjoyed it, and today our church has a membership of one hundred and seventy-two, a Sabbath School of over three-hundred (there were two hundred and forty-one present last Sabbath), with a Missionary Budget of some $600.00, and drawing on the Home Mission Board to the extent of $650.00. And again Billy Sunday and party have come into my field. We hope to be self-supporting at the end of the Seven Year Period. This has been somewhat personal, but is made so, believing the public would rather know what has been done,

than given some theory of work, as to the emphasis being placed on Evangelism in the matter of quickly reaching the point of independance.

SOURCES FOR CONSTITUENCY ROLL

Rev. Charles L. Goodell, D. D., Secretary of the Federal Council's Commission on Evangelism, urges strongly the importance of every congregation having a constituency roll. He says,—"The first thing to know in connection with any parish is,—How shall we find those who ought to be reached for Christ? There is in every community a large group, both within and without the Church, who ought to come within the religious influence of that church and be definitely won, first of all, to allegiance to Jesus Christ, and then, to fellowship with the church."

Dr. Goodell points out definitely nine sources for Constituency Roll:

1. A house to house canvass of the entire community.
2. All children in the Bible school, of proper age.
3. Parents or relatives of Bible school children.
4. All unconverted persons in the families of church members.
5. Attendance at church services who are not members of the church.
6. Non-Churched friends and neighbors.
7. All young people connected with young people's societies, and their friends.
8. Occasional visitors to church services, secured by visitors' cards placed in pews.
9. Friends of members of men's clubs, women's clubs, literary societies, and other organizations of the church.

DO I WANT A REVIVAL?

1. Do I desire a revival enough to pray earnestly and constantly for it?
2. Do I desire a revival enough to search my heart and ask God to cast out from it all that is displeasing to Him?
3. Do I desire a revival enough to attend meetings for prayer and take part in them even at a sacrifice of pride, comfort and convenience?
4. Do I desire a revival enough to seek opportunities to converse and pray with the unconverted?
5. Do I desire a revival so earnestly as to continue laboring and praying for it, even if the answer be not given at once?

The Evangelistic Cyclopedia.

O, Master, let me walk with Thee,
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In works that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broad'ning way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live.

—Washington Gladden

Foreign Correspondence

SUDAN

Mrs. D. S. Oyler, Editor.

MY SUDANESE FRIENDS

By Rev. Glenn Reed.

1. O'Sheik

"He lies! He lies! My mother is not ill! You can visit in our home! He lies! My brother lies!"

No suggestion of uncertainty tempered the emphatic assertions. Every sentence was punctuated by thuds of a stout Arab stick upon the ground. No doubt about it, O'Sheik's brother had lied when he told us that the mother of the family was ill, and thereby prevented our visiting a Hadendowa home.

O'Sheik, who is a thirteen year old Hadendowa boy, Miss Habib, who is a Syrian teacher in the American Mission Boys' Home in Khartoum, and I were standing in the middle of a sun-baked street in the picturesque little town of Sinkat. O'Sheik's naturally good disposition had just exploded in rage. When informed of the duplicity of an older brother who had excused with a lie his unwillingness to visit in his home, all of the lad's fighting-blood had been raised to fever heat. His friends did not take the matter quite so seriously, but we were disappointed in not getting to meet all of O'Sheik's family; and in spite of the boy's promise to redeem the disgrace which his brother had brought upon the family, we left Sinkat without having seen inside O'Sheik's hut.

O'Shiek and I are friends, though we saw each other only occasionally throughout the space of three short weeks. No reader will need an introduction to the Hadendowa's the bushy-headed "Fuzzy-Wuzzies" immortalized by Kipling in his famous poem:

"Then 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, 'at your home in the Sudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first class fightin' man;
Then ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, 'an the missis an' the kid: * * *"

But let me introduce you to one of the "kids." How interesting O'Sheik is! He is typical of the few boys of this nomad, war-like tribe who have gone to school. His father deals in hides, migrating each year from Tokar to Suakin, from Suakin to Sinkat, from Sinkat back to Tokar, by donkey and camel; an itinerary which I can't take the space to describe, though each point in it would be interesting. O'Sheik has spent some time in the government school in Suakin where his wild Arab blood has been slightly tamed by lessons in Arabic reading and writing and arithmetic. Yet enough of the Arab remains in him to make him a leader among the Hadendowa boys who accompany their families to Sinkat each summer, daring to do almost everything that his young head wants to do, and always emerging from all experiences right side up, and in some way, on top.

O'Sheik seemed to present an opportunity—an opportunity to get a Hadendowa boy into a mission school, so it was proposed that O'Sheik return with me to Khartoum and enter the Boys' Home. The boy seemed enthused over the proposition, but—"I'll have to ask my father." Now a Hadendowa father is about the most wary individual concerning contact with white people that you can imagine; yet, since he had permitted his boy to attend the government school at Suakin, I hoped that O'Sheik's desire would be crowned with father's approval. But the next morning I saw O'Sheik approaching the mission rest house with a down-cast countenence. His father's answer was delivered from a heart full of sorrow: "Go to Khartoum? Khartoum? That's at the end of the earth! No! Never"

But youth's shattered dreams have a habit of reshaping themselves into

new air castles; the thump of O'Sheik's fighting stick accompanied his statement of future purpose; "after a time my father will die, and then I'll go and enter your mission school."

Of course O'Sheik's lack of filial affection had to be reproved and corrected, but *Will he ever enter a Mission School?* Will he have to wait until this father dies? Perhaps, if the American Mission is enabled to open a new station at Port Sudan, O'Sheik will become a pupil in an American School there, because Port Sudan would not seem like the ends of the earth to the father. What might it mean to tell this Hadendowa lad day by day of the love of Christ for him? What might it mean to this great war-like tribe if he, or his chums, should some day carry the Message of Peace to the most famous fighting people in the world, the "Fuzzy-Wuzzies"?

2. Um-Azeeza.

The person who teaches boys and girls certainly knows that time spent in visiting the homes of the pupils pays big dividends in the joy that comes from studying human nature. At least it pays in the Sudan—and it makes friends.

When I learned that a little baby sister of one of our school boys was to be named and that my presence at the accompanying feast would be welcomed, I was very eager to attend. However I was scarcely prepared for all that happened that eventful evening—especially for the dinner which was eventually served in the harem apartment of the house—but that's another story and must be told at some other time. During the dinner I became acquainted with Um-Azeeza, the mother of the child who was being named, and the wife of the highest-ranking and best-paid native officers in the Sudan.

Um-Azeeza is a study in psychology. She is passionately fond of all her children, including Azeeza, who takes lessons in Arabic reading and Bible from the Bible women of the Mission, Mohammed, who attends the mission school for boys, and Zeinab, the new baby girl; she seems to be on good terms with a former husband, who is the father of two older children, and who lives next door; and she at least honors her present lord and master.

An accident, in which her son Mohammed suffered an injury to his arm, caused me to visit in the hospitable home of Um-Azeeza several times. Usually her husband was not at home and the necessary polite questions regarding the health of the head of the house always elicted full information regarding his well-being, but rather non-committal statements concerning his where-abouts at the time. Of course he would return "tomorrow" but "tomorrow" seldom comes in the Sudan.

Being acquainted with the rather hectic life which this man leads among his four wives, I naturally always concluded that he was spending his idle hours at one of the other homes maintained for his other wives. Um-Azeeza never seemed quite happy regarding his absence, and why should she be when at that very moment one of the rival wives might be extracting from her husband more than that wife's particular share of his salary. It is common knowledge in Omdurman that be tween the efforts of his wives and numerous children he is continually "broke". To us his financial embarassment may seem a well-deserved reward, but to Um-Azeeza it is perhaps a bitter experience, and at times a tragedy.

But Um-Azeeza is a very agreeable woman and is cheerful enough when once conversation gets under way. Her curiosity regarding the American missionaries is insatiable. She is kept young through her interest in her children and their affairs. She herself has attempted to learn to read, but the cares of the household and an intellect that has

never attempted anything of the sort before, rather prevents necessary concentration, and discourage her American teacher.

Um-Azeeza's eagerness to have her daughter taught, and her willingness to have the stories of the Bible related in the home, show that she is advanced beyond many of her Moslem sisters. Yet Um-Azeeza is one of many—not only one of many wives, but she is also fairly representative of the more liberal-minded Sudanese women of today. What has the Gospel of Christ to offer Um-Azeeza, and her Moslem sisters? What is it going to mean in their lives, now fraught with the rivalry of other wives, and the constant fear of divorce? What part will Um-Azeeza play in the drama which would take place should any of her children be influenced definitely toward believing Christ to be their Saviour and hers? What challenge does Um-Azeeza's life bring to the American Bible women, to me, to you?

3. Fatma.

Did you ever rejoice to receive a nice, little receipt for an unpaid bill, which plainly spoke in about this fashion; "I am a receipt; of course you'll pay the bill I represent—immediately." Perhaps the reader usually frowns at such receipts, but at least once in my life it was a joy and a cause of thanksgiving to see one.

It all happened in this way. We were seated about the dinner table in the American Mission Parsonage at Omdurman when the servant announced that Bint Eunice wished to see me. Not being able to recall the name, the presence of the stranger was investigated. Behold, it proved to be little Fatma, announced not as herself, but in true native fashion as the daughter of her father.

Fatma was a little eight-year-old friend who certainly was no stranger to us. For months the combined efforts of the American missionaries in Omdurman had been expended in an attempt to persuade Fatma's bedridden old father that the girl ought to attend school. Now, in her hand, she carried a little slip of paper on which we read the following welcome message, alternately printed in form and filled in by script:—"Received of the American Mission, Omdurman, the sum of fourteen piasters, tuition fees of Fatma, for the months of February and March, signed Superintendent of C. M. S. Girls' School, Omdurman." Ah, the victory was finally won; Fatma had become a pupil in the English Mission School for Girls, and the Superintendent, being acquainted with the case, had accepted her for minimum fees and charged the sum to us.

What a relief, what a struggle it had been! But it was worth a struggle!

That's not the last we have seen of Fatma. Month after month receipts for tuition fees, little brothers of the first one which had been so welcome a sight, were duly presented by Fatma, and the fees paid by her various friends. Then the hot sun went through the much-worn little shoes in which our little protegee trudged back and forth to school, and others, which were new, took their place. Ramadan feast time found Fatma, along with other little Mohammedan girls, wanting a new dress, and of course the feast could not be spoiled by lack of such a little thing. More recently another new dress has been supplied by one of the mission staff. No, there's not much danger of our losing little Fatma as a friend, because she is enjoying school and all the good things that come with it.

It has all meant a great change for Fatma. I remember seeing her first at the golf course with the caddie boys. She was a wild, extremely innocent looking child, dressed only in a rahat (girdle) which was made of leather, and in addition she had on a

skimpy red tobe that only accenttuated the Arab part of her features. Very plainly Fatma needed a friend, for day after day she was seen with the caddie boys while good, little girls kept close to their homes. During the Mulid festivities that had celebrated the birth of the prophet, she was continually romping with the street boys who infested the big mosque square.

The campaign for changing all this was begun, and prosecuted with vigor until successful. Of course her old father thought he needed her in the house to run errands for him, though he had about him a squad of boys who could easily do it; of course she had to go on a visit to her married sister in another town; of course the American Mission Boarding School in Khartoum North was entirely too far away to think of letting her go there and stay alone, though she would be with some seventy girl companions; of course the English schools in Omdurman were too far from Fatma's house; of course one hundred and one other objections were duly presented, and answered. At last a favorable decision regarding one of the English schools had been won.

Now, Fatma no longer runs wild with the boy rowdies of her part of the town; she is a" quiet little girl of the school," if you please, and takes pride enough in her new position to stay quite near her own door except during school hours. And during those hours, how the time flies with simple arithmetic, spelling, reading, writing, making colored pictures, and reciting Bible stories!

I'm wondering what those stories are going to mean in this little girl's life. I'm wondering what they are going to mean in the lives of all little Sudanese girls in the Mission Schools of the Sudan. I'm wondering what they *might* mean in the lives of thousands and thousand of Fatma's little sisters who don't hear them—and may never hear them.

4. Ali el Fadl.

Hidden away behind more pretentious mud houses, hedged in between the enclosures that form the big live-stock market on one side and those that form a large native beer establishment on the other, out at the western extremity of Omdurman on the edge of the great desert, lies a little village of Arab huts. A few stout sticks and some strips of straw matting serve to make for each family in this village a shelter from the sun during ten months of the year, and a partial protection from rain during the other two.

One or two very thin cows, a few goats and sheep, and three or four donkeys provide a means of making a living for the inhabitants of each little hut. The cows and goats furnish milk that is sold by the women and girls in the native markets of the city, while the donkeys bring from the desert dry brush and wood that is disposed of by the men in the market. The life of this village centers about two wells to which morning and evening, the girls come to draw water, as did Rebecca of old. Children abound, and by their half-shy, half-frightened manner, the white visitor detects the fact that the sight of foreigners is rather unusual in that part of Omdurman.

In the midst of this village I have a friend, and I know that he is a good friend, because, when I wished to take his picture for the purpose of illustrating this article, he protested:—"You and I have been friends—good friends: don't take my picture; let us remain—just good friends." When an Arab makes a statement like that to me we remain "just good friends," and my readers must imagine what this friend looks like—for they will never see his picture.

But it isn't hard to picture Ali el Fadl in the mind's eye. He is Arab brown in color, about five feet five inches tall, has stubby gray hair that proclaims his age to be in the fifties, and a wooden stump takes the place

of his right leg a short distance below the knee. It was the stump that first attracted my attention as I was walking by Ali's little hut; because it was not an expensive artificial limb, but a rather crude combination of wood, iron and goat skin, that made the wearer walk with a decided limp.

It did not take long to get Ali el Fadl's story. Five years ago, while gathering firewood some miles from the city, his leg was fractured and badly crushed. Lack of proper attention eventually ended in amputation in the government hospital. This misfortune had forced Ali to give up his livelihood and become dependent upon his family for support —a sad blow, indeed, but Ali had accepted the tragedy in the spirit of a good Mohammedan fatalist.

Did it pain him much now? Yes, very badly at times, because it continually festered. Would he take a note from me to the C. M. S. Hospital doctors to see if a better stump could not be provided? Most gladly for he had heard of the skill of the doctors in the American Hospital (so-called by all the natives, because medical work in Omdurman was first started by Dr. McLaughlin, and though later turned over to the C. M. S., the natives refuse to use any other name). Would he use good antiseptic soap and clean cloths on the festered stump if they were brought to him? Oh, yes,—but I had visions of how long the cloths would remain clean. Soon the questions came from Ali. Did I say that my own father had his right leg cut off? Yes, at about the same point at which Ali had lost his. And did he really walk well with an artificial limb? Yes, fairly well. Ah! perhaps that was why I had offered to help Ali. Ah! perhaps it was.

In this way I began my pilgrimages to see my crippled friend of the village, carrying soap and old sheets with me, until my own and my fellow missionaries' supplies were all exhausted, and I began to cast longing eyes upon perfectly good sheets.

Now I'm deeply interested in Ali. But every time I turn my face toward his home in the little village, I picture not only my good friend, but what he represents—something behind him. Come with me and stand at the back of Ali's little straw hut, and look out upon the two great provinces of Kordofan and Darfur. Out in that desert are thousands of Ali's Arab brothers and sisters; out there is where the "Mad Mahdi" first rallied his fanatical dervishes; out there is where Islam reigns supreme, absolutely unchallenged by any spokesman for Jesus Christ.

As we look out across the desert behind Ali's home, we see, a little to the right, the hills that mark and overlook the sight of the Battle of Omdurman. On that battlefield the Khalifa, the Mahdi's successor, lost Islam's political power in the Sudan. But what about the religious power of Islam? The faith of the false prophet still holds in captivity the hearts of the desert Arabs. It awaits the coming of the love of Christ, whose right it is to reign in those Arab hearts. But—

> "* * * the messenger of Christ,
> He cometh late, he cometh late."

Are you interested in Ali? Are *you* interested in what lies behind him in the desert?

EGYPT

A CHRISTMAS PICNIC AT LUXOR

By Miss Rose Mintier

When the Luxor Girls Boarding School closed for the holidays, January 2nd, all but two American women and thirteen Egyptian girls got away as soon as possible. Some went by train, some by boat and some on donkeys. Nearly all the girls went to their homes; a few went to relatives; members of the staff went to conferences and business meetings and some went sightseeing.

Those left behind turned toward the empty, disordered house feeling a bit forsaken and there were a few tears shed. Not for long, however, did this feeling last, as rooms and beds must be dismantled and cleaned. The clothes must be sent to the laundry and later sorted and mended that everything be fresh for the return of the flitters.

Then, there was Christmas just a few days away. (The eastern Christmas comes January 7th). To be sure there was not much to make the girls wild at the thought, but whoever knows what Christmas may bring. There were a few "supposes," some wishes, but no grumbles that I heard. Right willingly all attacked the different tasks assigned and soon order began to appear.

Then things began to happen. "Happen" did I say? Well, call it what you will. A package from the parents of one girl, who lives north of Cairo arrived, containing chicken and cake and nuts. Another came from an aunt with goose and other goodies. A teacher sent four chickens all ready for cooking.

Meanwhile Mrs. Whiteside and I were forming our plans for the girls. At last it was decided a sail on the river and a picnic supper would prove the most novel and satisfactory. When the scheme was laid before the girls they were delighted and began at once to get ready.

We bought chickens and the girls prepared them, stuffing them with rice and raisins, which is the eastern way. One teacher helped them make candy and another helped make doughnuts. We had nice fresh radishes from the garden, and with a supper of bread, cheese, apples, and oranges, we sailed away at about three-thirty on the afternoon of Christmas day. Mrs. Jamison and her two small sons and her maid (a former pupil) joined us (Mrs. Jamison insisted on helping to pay the bill).

The weather was lovely. We crossed the river away from the current and the town and sailed up stream near shore. As we moved along one of the little boys expressed the wish to get out and play in the nice sand. Thinking all might enjoy it, word was given the sailors and they drew in to shore and nearly all tumbled out.

While all were merrily rushing about I noticed three village girls with their water jars, a short distance up stream, watching us. Not many minutes later they were circulating about our girls in open-mouthed wonder. Here were girls of their own people, about the same age, and yet such a curiosity. Presently I heard one of our girls speak to them and asked where they lived. They replied, "Gurna," a village a half mile or more back from the river. How would you like to carry all the water you use in your home a half mile on your head in a stone jar? I wonder!

My attention was diverted for a little while and when I next looked they were seated and a few of our girls earnestly talking with them, receiving in reply a nod or a grunted word while their faces seemed mask-like, but their eyes followed the antics of the others. What did the two groups have in common to discuss? Clothes? No. Last night's movie, or a party next week? None

of that here. Bobbed hair or the latest dance? Perish the thought! Those village girls in their black dresses and black head shawls, with unkept hair and shoeless feet, the blank faces, were hearing about the Jesus who loved Mary and Martha and Lazarus, which was the last Sabbath's lesson. Our girls, neat clean, with faces bright and eyes glowing, were telling them a story they had never heard. Hearing, too, that it was wrong to steal and lie and swear. They confessed to stealing but said they would not do it again if it were wrong.

I waited as long as I thought wise then called "all aboard!" As our girls came trooping, laughing and chatting, those three girls stood stolid and seemingly mystified. Not a smile. They returned to their jars, lifting the heavy things to their heads and turning, pattered away across the sand and fields to their village. In those heads and hearts they were carrying the seed that has the promise of a blessing. How I wish we (you and I) might water and nourish that seed! The seed sown by our girls (yours and mine) out on a Christmas picnic.

As the sun was setting we ate our supper and later drifted back home in the moonlight. As we floated down past the great hotels, full of tourists, and the shops and homes of Luxor, the girls asked if they might sing. Permission being granted their young voices went echoing across the water back to the hills I imagine. The psalms of David are their best known songs and they love to sing them.

All too soon it seemed our trip was over. A tired happy family tramped up the short street to the school gate. As we had no dishes to wash we quickly stowed away baskets and gathered in the sitting room before the grate fire (made as a special treat). For awhile we listened to music from the victrola which kind friends have given us and told stories until sleep claimed us. One little Armenian girl with a sad face, who had come to us only a few weeks before, I had not seen smile until that day. After the others had gone to bed and Mrs. Whiteside and I lingered awhile before the fire, this girl came in and taking us each by the hand thanked us for the nice time, in such a pathetic way. One must give God thanks for girls who tell of Christ and His love whenever they have opportunity.

"AT HOME" IN ASSIUT

By Mrs. H. L. Finley

Home again with all the thrills and joys of home-coming!

No one is ever welcomed with more true appreciation than the missionary returning after furlough.

Our welcome began at Port Said when a group of eight came on shipboard to visit with our India party and to give us all needed assistance in landing, through customs, and on the train.

I counted in this combined group of Indian and Egyptian missionaries, eight who had formerly belonged to my Sabbath School Class in Muskingum. The train which brought us south, left Port Said a little afternoon and the first interesting stop for returning missionaries was Zakazik where the Bairds met and refreshed us with the best of limeade. Appreciated and enjoyed? Yes! but not so much as seeing the ones who brought it.

Here the McLaughlins changed trains for Monsoura and we left Leander and Miriam to get their first lessons in mission work from Mr. and Mrs. Baird.

Those going to Alexandria left us at Benha and we were soon surrounded by our friends in Cairo. Two pleasant, profitable days were spent with Dr. and Mrs. Henry, their present location is Cairo's gain but Oh! how we miss them here. Twenty-four days after leaving New York we were "at home."

Truly Assiut is the most delightful place in Egypt.

Loving hands had cleaned and set our house in order.

We spent from five to seven p. m. in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Frank McClanahan greeting old friends and getting acquainted with the new workers.

At eight o'clock the physicians nurses and Rev. Gied assembled for the regular Monday evening Hospital Prayer meeting. We recount blessings, consider the needs and then take them all to God in prayer. The hospital is crowded with patients. During June, July and August there were eleven hundred in-patients, four hundred more than during corresponding months the year before. During the past four years the nurses and Egyptian maids have conducted a Sabbath School in the clinic rooms. It was begun primarily for the children of the street who had no opportunity to know of Jesus. In the beginning there were about thirty pupils. There have been as many as one hundred and thirty at one session. The average attendance is about ninety. Many of the regular pupils come from a Mohammedan girls school near by. Some from the Khiyatt School and many more from the streets.

They are interested, give good attention and are getting Bible lessons which can not be taken away from them. Isaiah 55: 10, 11.

Rev. Gied, the hospital pastor, Mr. Butros the evangelist and Shamsa the Bible woman are "fervent in spirit speaking and teaching diligently the things of the Lord."

Recently three Mohammedan women who were drug fiends came to the hospital. Each one was told that she must pay twenty-two dollars and a half in advance and remain in the hospital for treatment fifteen days. If she left sooner no money would be given back. They agreed and were taken in.

Two of them could not endure being deprived of morphine. They acted like crazy women and declared that they would throw themselves from the windows or balconies if not let go, so they were written out.

Listen to Shamsa telling the story of the third woman, "She was a very young woman, may be eighteen, not more than twenty. She was a very bad woman; she and her mother kept a brothel. She was married to a bad man whom she did not love and they quarreled and fought whenever together. She had spent over seven hundred and fifty dollars for morphine and used daily eighty-five cents worth.

She acquired all her money through the awful destruction of girls and women. But she had never heard of Jesus and his love. When I first spoke to her of him she became intensely interested and wanted to know more. Each day when I went to her, she repeated all the stories I had told her before, and begged me to pray for her. She seemed to realize the awfulness of her sins and wept much because of them. I was so sorry for her that I cried many times myself.

She asked, 'Can Jesus forgive such a sinner as I am? Did he die for me? Will he forgive me? Oh I would like to become a pure good woman and get away from my awful surroundings, but who among my people will help me?' I too asked, 'Who?'

She learned to pray some for herself and told of an eleven year old sister in the home who was beginning to take morphine.

She longed to send her to the hospital, that she might be saved from this life of sin and shame."

She remained the fifteen days enduring terrible physical and mental suffering such as the inexperienced know not of.

She has gone back to her people.

What of her future? May the way be made clear to her.

Not by might nor by power but by my Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts.

Editorial

MRS. JOHN P. WHITE, Editor, Cedarville, Ohio.

CHRISTMAS GIVING

It is Christmas time. Love and joy abound. Love cannot be seen; it is manifest in what it does. Love is planning beautiful gifts. Every home in the land will have a desire to make the Christmas season a time of joy. Every parent will be thinking of what he can bestow upon his child, and every child will be wishing to have some gift for his parent.

Our minds go back to the first Christmas Day, when our Heavenly Father gave His great gift to the world. The world has been different since the Angel announced "There is born to you this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." "In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him." We can never measure the infinite love that gave such a gift.

As the children of men give gifts to earthly parents, is it not fitting that we should manifest our love to our Heavenly Father, by bringing gifts to Him?

A child was happily planning to give her father a pair of beautiful slippers for a Christmas gift. Some one inquired "Where will you get your money." "Oh" replied the child confidently "my father will give me the money." And the father, happy in the loving thought of the little one provided the money for the gift. Are we not just like this child in our utter dependence upon our Father? We get all we have from Him. But how His heart rejoices, when we recognize His love and bounty by giving gifts to Him.

There are many calls at this season of the year to help "the least of these," in the name of Christ.

There is another call that comes to the United Presbyterian Church this last month of 1925. Note the cover page of The Women's Missionary Magazine. What a glorious achievement, has been the giving of nearly $8,000,000. to our Father, for His work! There is still more needed before we have paid all that we promised to give to the New World Movement. Would this not be a fitting time to finish our individual pledges, or to make additional gifts in order that the entire pledge of the church may be paid?

There is another gift we can offer to our Father at this Christmas time—our service. The special articles on Evangelism in this issue are to call attention to the supreme work of the church—soul-winning.

Have we not, unconsciously, as a denomination tried to substitute silver for service? Have we not tried to convince ourselves that furnishing money to send some one else to preach Christ, excused us from personal service? God does not ask "Your money *or* your life" but "Your money *and* your life."

May Christmas 1925 be a day of special gladness, because we have found in paying our vows to the Lord that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Thank-Offering Department.

EDITED BY MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN.
Thank-Offering Secretary
905 Publication Building 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A CHRISTMAS WISH TO ALL

"A bright and blessed Christmas Day,
With echoes of the Angel's song,
And peace that cannot pass away
And holy gladness, calm and strong;
And sweet heart carols, flowing free;
This is my Christmas wish to Thee."
—F. R. Havergal

The Christmas season has come again. God has continued our lives, and we see all around us evidence of the Christmas time. Shops are adorned in red, green and gold, radiating good cheer and gift suggestions.

At this time may we think of the great Gift God sent to the world. He gave His best gift to us. His love for us was so great that He gave His only begotton Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have eternal life.

We have brought in our Thank-Offerings our expression of gratitude to Him for the blessings showered upon us during the past year.

As our hearts are filled with joy and rejoicing at this Christmas time, may we also give honor, praise and gifts to Him the giver of all our gifts.

GIVING THANKS ALWAYS FOR ALL THINGS IN THE NAME OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST TO GOD, EVEN THE FATHER. Eph. 5:4.

WHEN SHOULD WE BEGIN TO PLAN FOR THE THANK-OFFERING OF 1926?

Shall we wait until next fall to plan for the "Ingathering?" No, God is pouring out His blessings on us daily. We want to thank Him daily. As soon as you give this year's offering begin to plan for the 1926 Thank-Offering. Arrange to have the Thank-Offering subject presented in some way at each meeting of the society during the year. Encourage each woman in the congregation to use the blessing boxes and the 1926 Thank-Offering will be the largest in amount and in number of givers in the history of the Thank-Offering Movement. When this Magazine comes to you the 1925 Thank-Offering will have been held and the gifts of gratitude recorded by society and presbyterial treasurers. This Thank-Offering is made up of gifts from many individual gifts accompanied with prayer and thanksgiving and praise for the many blessings received from His hand. In these closing days of the year, pray for this love offering of grateful hearts and for the work that will be accomplished by the 1925 Thank-Offering.

PRESBYTERIAL TREASURERS

PLEASE KEEP IN MIND THAT THE 1925 THANK-OFFERING MUST BE IN THE HANDS OF MRS. J. B. HILL, GENERAL TREASURER, NOT LATER THAN THE MORNING OF JANUARY FIRST 1926.

MONTHLY PROGRAM FOR 1926

The following supplies will be found very helpful in planning the part of the monthly program on the Thank-Offering. Many are new and all members will enjoy all of them.

The Home Council—The Thank-Offering Box, Miss Davida Finney.

A Thank-Offering Service in Assiut, Miss Mary L. Thompson.

Egyptian Givers, Miss Elizabeth R. Balleny.

Why I Give A Thank-Offering, Mrs. J. P. White.

The First Thank-Offering at Ezel, Mrs. J. C. Alter.

What Is A Thank-Offering?, Miss Ida B. Little.

Our Thanksgiving and Praise—Book Mark, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

Life Directorships, Mrs. H. C. Campbell.

The Christian's Song of Thanksgiving, Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter.

Mrs. Morgan's Quarter, Kate Summer Gates.

History of the Thank-Offering, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

A Daugter of Tyre, Mrs. Lydia I. Wellman.

What Has Been Accomplished by the Thank-Offering, Mrs. J. D. Sands.

Life Membership Fund, Mrs. J. B. Hill.

Thank-Offering Questions for Monthly Program (10 in set), Mrs. Arthur A. Charles.

Why Three Hindu Girls Give Thank-Offerings, Miss Fannie C. Martin.

The Evolution of the Jug Habit, Miss Jane Martin.

Duties of a Thank-Offering Secretary, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

Lost Thank-Offering Boxes, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

At Life's Daily Crossing, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

Why Give a Thank-Offering, Mrs. S. E. DuBoise.

Our Thank-Offering, Mrs. E. A. Campbell.

Gratitude, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

Prayer Our Best Preparation, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

The Story the Thank-Offering Blanks Tell, Mrs. O. H. Milligan.

These are all free for postage. Send orders to 905 Publication Building 209 Ninth St. Pittsburgh, Pa.

OUR MISSIONARIES NEED

"Do you hear them pleading, pleading,
Not for money, comfort, power,
But that you, O Christian worker,
Will but set aside an hour
Wherein they will be remembered,
Daily at the throne of Grace,
That the work which they are doing
In your life may have a place?

Do you know that they are longing
For the sympathetic touch
That is their's when friends are praying,
In the homeland very much,
That our God will bless the efforts
They are making in His Name,
And that souls for whom they're working
With His love may be aflame?

Do you see them seeking, seeking,
For the gift of priceless worth,
That they count of more importance
Than all other gifts of earth?
Not the gold from rich men's coffers,
Nor relief from any care;—
'Tis a gift that you can give them,—
'Tis the Christian's daily prayer."

—Selected

WHAT IS A THANK-OFFERING?

By Miss Ida B. Little

Elimination is a process much practiced by medical science. Common symptoms are found in the first stages of widely differing diseases. The physician discovers a new symptom. It does not belong to two of the diseases being considered so they are eliminated. The diagnosis proceeds until finally the truth is known and a positive statement can be issued. This may be a good policy to follow in the present case.

As Christians, we are quite familiar with the terms tithe, offering, pledge or Thank-Offering. We always expect to have a part in the maintenance of the Church in its several policies. Since the Thank-Offering has become a part of the year's work, many avail themselves of the privilege of supporting it. The Thank-Offering is not confined to dollars and cents, other gifts being acceptable. For convenience, we shall think of it mostly in the form of coin. Now for the elimination.

A Thank-Offering is *not* any part of the tithe. The tithe is the interest on the loan made to us by God. It is an obligation, a matter of simple justice.

A Thank-Offering is *not* part of what should go towards our weekly or monthly mission pledge. This al-

ready belongs to a specified object so is not at our disposal.

A Thank-Offering is *not* just "what we happen to have when the time comes 'round," the loose change in the pocket, that convenient dollar bill or the fag end of the weekly allowance.

A Thank-Offering is *not* a grudging gift, made under the compulsion of pride. It is not lean when it might be fat, mean when it might be generous.

"The scant measure is abominable."

A Thank-Offering is *not* a show gift. It is not of necessity bounded on all four sides by either "big" or "small." It is *not* a matter of mere size.

A Thank-Offering *is* a free will offering, proceeding from a willing heart. Obligation does not enter into the case. God loves cheerful givers.

A Thank-Offering *is* one way of saying thank you to God. It is the expression of gratitude. God's mercies are continuous and bountiful. Does not this fact call for at least common courtesy on our part? The old servant had caught the true spirit:—"Jake," said a hard-pressed business man as he paused to chat with an old colored servant propped comfortably back in his chair against the side of his cabin, "how is it that every time I go by here I hear you whistling and singing? I thought you had rheumatism so bad." "So I has, so I has," was the smiling rejoinder, "but ever sence I'se had this rheumatiz I ain't been able to work an' I has had time to think. Fact is, I've discivered so many blessin's I never knowed I had before. I jest can't help singin'." Gratitude? Yes, truly the spirit of the Thank-Offering.

A Thank-Offering as expressed in the gift of whatever type *is* a result of thought. Think and thank come from the same root. A thinking heart is a thankful heart. Who does not prefer to be classed as a thinking person rather than a thoughtless one?

A Thank-Offering *is* the "second-mile" gift. Jesus said to go twain if asked to go one. It is doing more than the law requires. This is most pleasing in His sight.

A Thank-Offering *is* the measure running over, the heaped-up offering. Short yards and light pounds and scanty bushels do not emanate from grateful hearts, but rather from the close fisted type. Expect the gift of generosity from him who fulfils his obligation to God and man. Honesty both with God and one's fellows is a long step towards gratitude the foundation of a real Thank-Offering.

A Thank-Offering *is* the over-plus gift of life. God gave us everything good we possess and finally gave His only Son in sacrifice because of His love for man, soaked in sin as he was. Jesus crucified and risen was God's over-plus gift. Yes, Jesus gave Himself willingly, everything for our sakes.

"He who follows where Jesus leads
Gains ample strength for Christian deeds."

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION PROMPTLY.

DOES YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRE WITH THE DECEMBER ISSUE? DO YOU WANT THE JANUARY NUMBER OF THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE? IF SO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION. DO IT NOW.

Young Women's Department.

Edited by the Young Women's General Secretary,
MISS IDA B. LITTLE,
1503 Dormont Ave., Dormont, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AIM:—TO DO RIGHT—FOR DUTY'S SAKE;
MOTTO:—"NEVER MIND THE CHANCE THAT IS PAST
WATCH FOR THE NEXT OPPORTUNITY AND QUALIFY YOURSELF TO BE ABLE TO SIEZE IT,"
YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORK FOR 1924—1925

Support of Pasrur, India, Girls Boarding School, $4,350. Salaries—Home: Matron of Dormitory, Frenchburg, Kentucky. Superintendent of Jubilee Hospital, Miss Eva Johnson, R. N., Henderson, N. C. City Missionary, Miss Laura Sawhill, Spokane, Washington, $2,680. Salary—Foreign (new); Mrs. Ruth Lobaugh Walker, Gore, Abyssinia, $800.00. Total askings $7.830.

Each Society is asked to contribute at the rate of $1.00 per member.

NEW YOUNG WOMEN'S SOCIETIES

None to report this month! Find a list of those already reported this year and published in past Magazines. Look over the list and if your society, new since April 1, 1925, is not among the number, know that it has not yet been reported to the secretary.

Bedford Ave., Canton, O., 49th St. Los Angeles, Ezel, Ky., Richmond, Kans.,—these complete the list.

Societies reported last spring as sending in no report have in some cases *ceased to be,* eight in all, and one has become a woman's organization. This means nine fewer on the roll if no more are removed. Last spring we reported three fewer societies than the previous year. Let us cease disbanding and begin to gather the girls into circles and societies. Should we permit failure to even be suggested in a cause so noble and worthy as missions? Then should our girls be educated in books and yet not know what work their church is accomplishing in the matter of saving the world. The connection between the head and the heart should be firmly established.

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL FUND

Perhaps you want to know just how it stands. In November 1924, it was $1,088. In November 1925, $1,040. 1922 was the banner year at that time, or $1,093, but 1924's total was the largest in our history. Just a little care will make 1925 the best. Only think! If just thirteen more dollars had come in last year, our total would have been eight thousand dollars!!

A BIG QUESTION FOR YOU

Shall the Young Women's division of the W. G. M. S. have a special banner or trophy to be awarded annually to the deserving presbyterial? If so, what points shall be considered?

One of these points should be to insist on every society being active the most of the year, allowing for a vacation such as the church has. Another should relate to promptness in forwarding annual reports to presbyterial Young Women's secretary. Another should have to do with faithfulness to the annual mission study class. Then contributions to every department, the Thank-Offering, etc.—should have a place. Other points may be considered.

The idea is not to make society work difficult, but to stimulate intimate knowledge of the work and to develop a stronger Christian life. Percentage high or low is not the aim. To comply with the several points—doing what is asked of you is to win the trophy.

No presbyterial can win unless each society does its part.

As the plan now stands, the points will go out with the regular annual blanks in February.

You will notice that the award

goes to the *presbyterial, not to the individual society.*

It may be that no presbyterial will be in line for the banner or trophy by the annual convention of 1926, but surely so by 1927!

"THE NEEDED VIEWPOINT"

How differently one person views an act than does some other one! What is extravagance to one is a common every-day occurrence to another. One is shocked by a certain proceeding while another does not even notice that anything out of the ordinary has happened. The same standard of life is not the possession of both.

During the war, we heard a good deal about color blindness and important posts were denied to the afflicted ones because of their defect. May it not be true that in matters moral, it is a deficiency which causes some to act as without conscience or proper discernment? There is a difference however, between physical color-blindness and moral color blindness. The physical defect is possibly without remedy while moral deficiency is not so.

A college president was referring to a young man who had been before the faculty for a great misdemeanor. He said, "He is one of those unfortunate boys *who always has ears to hear* what the *world says* about *sin.* but *never* what *God says.*" The boy seemed to think that sin was cleverness and that "sowing wild oats," "sprees" and "seeing life" were the most trivial things in the world. The boy's great lack, according to the professor, was the correct moral perspective. He needed a new viewpoint.

Many Christian parents are agonizing these days because their sons and daughters seem to be so careless in their Christian lives, seeing no harm in living as does the world. The line of demarcation between the Church and the World seems to be almost obliterated, judging by the way many people—not all of high school and college age either—are living.

We sometimes marvel why Christians are content to live such barren lives and to company so contentedly with the world. The reason is not far to seek. They have an imperfect perspective. Their standard is,—"*I,* (*big I*), think so" or "*I think not.*" Spiritual growth follows when we listen to what *God says* and obey Him.

We as missionary workers can never hope to be marvellously successful until the life of individual and society is right. A correct viewpoint is not possible so long as one tries to be a worldling and a Christian at the same time. The command is "Come out from among them and be ye separate." God said this. Happy is the one who obeys!

Have you considered what sort of a perspective you have? Is it out and out for God, fit to help others to see right? On what is your thought of what's right for a Christian based? Be very sure of this:—if what *you think* does not tally with what *God says,* know that you need a new viewpoint and *need it now!!*

METHODS

Many societies wish an innovation now and again. The foundation idea for the following suggestion was found in an old copy of the *Missionary Review of the World.* Sometimes a little rivalry is good. It not only develops latent talent, but revives vigor and courage. It goes without saying that all such rivalry must be carried on in a kindly spirit.

Now for the contest:—It is named a "Story-Telling Contest." All entering the contest will select their own stories, these to be *missionary* in character. An evening is chosen, three judges to give the decision, and a cordial invitation is given to interested friends to enjoy the evening. A sympathetic audience is essential in order to draw out the best efforts of the contestants.

Several points might be considered

by the judges but three or four may be enough. One might be the story itself—its fitness for the contest. Another, enthusiasm and earnestness of the contestant. Another the appeal it made to the audience. Other more suitable points might be worked out.

Later your society winner or winners might challenge story-tellers in another congregation and thus work up an encouraging interest in true heroism, that which is bound up with real life in the world's biggest job—*MISSIONS*.

No trophy for the victor has been suggested. Usually to be a winner is glory enough.

Where shall stories be found? Write the several Boards that publish literature. Look over the files of old Magazines, the *Women's Missionary Magazine* containing a good many tellable stories. Sabbath School papers print good missionary stories sometimes and many can be found in biographical sketches.

A good story impresses a lesson in somewhat the same fashion as a picture does.

G. Stanley Hall says, "Let me tell the stories of a nation and I care not who write its textbooks."

"I would rather be the children's story-teller than the king's counsellor or the queen's favorite" said Kate Douglass Wiggins.

And Robert E. Speer adds, "There is power in life stories."

Note—There is nothing to surpass some of the stories of the Old and New Testaments. Great missionary stories they are!

HER MAGAZINE SHOWER

The members of the society came dressed in old fashioned dresses and masked. On the back of each as far as the list would allow was pinned the name of a Board member and her office as a Board member. Each tabbed person was addressed in conversation by her untabbed sisters relating to who she might be until *she guessed* "what her name was."

A big, black umbrella trimmed in blue, gave the suggestion of a possible shower—and there *was* a shower,—forty subscriptions to the *Women's Missionary Magazine!*

Later the husbands surprised the members of the society by coming in masked. Of course there were refreshments that tempted the appetite, one good way of developing sociability.

This plan was worked out by Mrs. Manor and her helpers at Irwin, Pa. Should you wish further detail, address Mrs. Manor or some member of the Irwin society.

SOME IDEAS FROM THE Y. W. SOCIETY OF McDONALD, PA.

Robinson Run Church

Each month at the regular meeting of the society, it is decided that a certain missionary shall be remembered in prayer in a definite way. Each member pledges her prayers. Also, the pastor announces from the pulpit the name of the missionary chosen and solicits the prayers of the congregation.

At the meeting when the name is chosen one of the members is appointed to write a letter to this missionary, each girl taking her turn as a correspondent. The society has visited both the home and foreign fields in this way and is starting again in the foreign field.

As to the Thank-Offering and its literature, this society is a faithful herald. A committee of three visits quietly and unobtrusively, each Sabbath morning the classes of young people, leaving two leaflets pertaining to the Thank-Offering. The aim is to acquaint each home with the purpose of the Thank-Offering. If there are no young people in the home, a special effort is made to give the opportunity of having this literature.

This society also dramatized the entire book of Ming Kwong. As chapter by chapter was studied, the *leading characters carried their*

special roles. The plan was so pleasing that after a meeting or two, the program was given before the women's society each month, the societies meeting as one. It might be added that the young women's membership is not so large as some of our societies, so a large society might not care to use the same persons throughout the book. However, the plan used was most helpful to this society.

Ask Mrs. J. I. Krohn, McDonald, Pa. for further suggestions.

MONONGAHELA YOUNG WOMEN'S RALLY

The following story comes from the pen of Miss Anna Reynolds, of the entertaining society and a visitor to the rally:—

The rally was held in the McDonald First Church on October 23, at 6:15 p. m. More than one-hundred enjoyed the delicious repast prepared and served by the women and young women of the hostess church. One handicap was felt;—viz., the absence of representatives from quite a number of societies. The rally is for the purpose of stimulating every *organization*, hence *every society* should send at least one representative.

Where delegates are dependent on train service for transportation, meetings must fit in to the limited space between the convenient in-coming and out-going trains. So it happened in this case. The dinner was preceded by the devotional period led by Miss Lou George. The four "little mothers" of the Junior society gave a sketch in which each presented her best beloved "dolly child" to the cause of missions. Miss Dora Whitley, eleven years principal of our *permanent* Young Women's special, Pasrur, India, Girls' Boarding School, gave the address of the evening, a very intersting and helpful talk. Being dressed in native costume made her description of Pasrur school more real. The final number was a stort talk by Miss Annetta Little, chairman of the "407 committee" of Monongahela in which she pressed the need of Monongahela to fill out its quota of workers.

By 8:30, the delegates were all a-flutter to reach the station before train time. It was a good meeting due largely to the young women's secretary of Monongahela, Mrs. T. J. Miller, and her faithful co-workers.

Freedmen's Missions.

MRS. ADA KERR WILSON, Secretary, 1007 Trenton Ave., Wilkinsburg Pa.

Camden dormitory (Wilson Hall) is crowded to its full capacity with 36 girls and 7 teachers. Unavoidable delay in installing the heating plant will cause some discomfort. Estimates have been received and the contract will be given at our meeting, Nov. 3rd. The town is putting in an electric plant and we will be able to use its current for lighting all our buildings.

On account of an outbreak of diptheria in the town, school was closed for a few days but was opened in less than a week.

Prairie reports every department in operation except the Mother's meetings, which are delayed on account of cotton picking. One of the most successful Sabbath School and Y. P. C. U. Conventions ever held, was in session here in October. All stations were represented except Camden which was under quarantine on account of diptheria.

The exercises and discussions were of a high order. Many thanks are due the Home Missionary Society of the First Church, Allegheny for a package of goods for the sewing

room. A piano is one of the outstanding needs. *Please take notice!* The Cotton crop is very poor and is quite a disappointment for the prospect at one time seemed encouraging.

The Robinson Memorial Hospital, Miller's Ferry, has at present writing (Nov. 3rd) two very serious cases—one typhoid malaria, the other meningitis. Both are expected to recover.

One of the girls in training is nursing in Camden under Dr. Jones, a prominent physician of that town. Very often calls come for our nurses. There are four in training at present. All departments are doing well.

Mrs. Williams of Townsville, reports the sewing department succeeding nicely. The smaller children are eager to learn and many of the older ones bring their own goods and make their clothes. Some girls who have entered from the public school and who have had no training along this line, are much interested in the work and anxious to learn to make their own clothes, also.

A barrel of second hand clothing, received from a congregation in Buffalo, was much appreciated, as the weather is colder and there are many calls for clothing.

Before the last report was printed, Miss McKeldin, of Riceville was called from service here to the higher service. She was a most consecrated Christian and her going was mourned by those who knew her well, and by any who came in touch with her high Christian character. Miss S. L. Smith has succeeded her as principal and Miss Mattie M. McElrath one of our students from the Athens mission will have charge of the sewing department.

Mrs. Tarter, sewing teacher at Henderson, writes she has in her 2nd year class an interesting type of the negro girl of the South:—She came two years ago, a heavy built, black country girl without money, but full of energy and a desire to please. Work was found for her with a white family in Henderson. She began her school work and from the first she displayed splendid ability. She was promoted to first year High after one year in school, making high grades while still working in town for her board. At the end of the 2nd year she wanted to come into the dormitory. She heard of the splendid wages paid in the North, so last summer she secured a place where she earned twelve dollars a week. She saved her money, came back and took another position in service. She bought material and has been making her clothes in the sewing room. She hopes to have enough saved so that she may eventually live in the dormitory. This is one example of the good work being done for the needy colored girls, in our schools.

Miss Salley of Athens writes that her Domestic Science classes are arranged so that each class has a separate day to cook. The classes are divided into two groups; one does the cooking and the other washes dishes. Each group changes its work every other week. Much improvement is noticed and the girls have taken as their slogan

"Good, better, best
Do not let it rest
Until the good is better
And the better best."

The sewing department is teaching hemming, hem stitching and some embroidery and fancy work. Because of limited quarters, most of the work must be done by hand.

Chase City reports an enrollment of 370—of these 120 are in the High School. The water problem has been solved by the city extending it line, so there is a good supply and it has been installed in all the buildings.

Both the sewing and domestic science departments report progress —one hundred and twenty girls in the cooking classes, all interested, and one hundred and eighteen girls taking sewing, hemming sheets, pillow cases, table cloths, towels, cur-

tains etc. A lady from Iowa sent material to piece quilts, which will keep a number of them busy for some time.

Canton Bend received a much needed and of course appreciated package of new material for the sewing room from the First Church, Allegheny. Also barrels of clothing from the Women's Society of North Bend, Nebraska and Loveland, Colorado. Many thanks to all who thus contribute to a very needy people. F. L. Bennett the farmer at Prairie reports the crops not so good as he had hoped they would be but better than he thought they would be in June.

Statistical Department

MRS. D. J. BROWN, Secretary, 15 North Fremont Ave., Bellevue, Pa.

Five months have passed since the Annual Convention of the W. G. M. S. held in Boston. During that period a number of meetings of every society should have been held, giving ample time for taking the pulse of the society to determine the degree of activity for the coming year.

A number of questions might be asked as to how to develop this. Among these questions would be some regarding membership, as, "Have any new members been received into the society since the last annual report was given?" "Has there been any decrease in the same time?"—"Has a canvass been made of the Church membership to find the number of women that are not members of any missionary organization?"

The resuit of the last question will no doubt be a great surprise. The President of a women's society in a congregation with an enrollment of four hundred and eighty said she knew nearly every woman in her congregation was a member of a missionary society. To her surprise and amazement, when the canvass was made, over one hundred women, enrolled as Church members, were not enrolled in any missionary organization.

No doubt, similar results would be obtained if canvasses were made in other churches. May we not have a canvass in every congregation and have an effort made to enroll every woman, young woman, boy and girl as a member of some missionary organization of the Church.

At a meeting of the Women's Board held October 20, 1925, it was decided to offer a silver cup to the Presbyterial showing the largest total net increase in membership during the year, the cup to be held for one year, or as long as said Presbyterial continues to show the largest increase. By total is meant women, young women and junior societies so that each society in the Presbyterial must do its part to allow the Presbyterial to win the cup.

For the past five years our special efforts have been toward the meeting of the obligations assumed in the New World Movement, aside from our regular obligations. While the raising of funds is not the principal object in missionary work, but rather a minor part, realizing the main object is "Soul Winning," still we know it requires funds to carry on this most important task and one very good way of supplementing the amount raised by the New World Movement, which is rapidly drawing to a close, is by the enlistment of new members.

May the year 1925-26 be the best year in the history of the Women's General Missionary Society!

Junior Department.

MRS. W. R. McMUNN, Secretary, 302 Hasting Ave., Oakdale, Pa.

The Junior Special work was begun in April 1895. Since that time a total of $73,993.97 has been given by the Juniors for the various objects designated, most of these being the support of schools, supplies and equipment for hospitals, and the building and furnishing of several dormitories.

At the request of the Foreign Board, in 1923 the Women's Board took over the support of all the primary schools for girls in India, excepting the one at Rawal Pindi. It seemed most fitting to assign this work to the Juniors as their "Special" for the coming year. They were asked for $3,848.00 and gave $4,267.91 for the support of these schools. Last year and again this year the same "Special" has been retained. Last year the sum of $4,488.54 was contributed.

The object in having a "Special," aside from the great assistance the Juniors have given the work of the W. G. M. S., is to arouse in the minds and hearts of the children a greater interest and enthusiasm for the cause of missions. To train them to give systematically, cheerfully and liberally to missionary objects. Children like to have a work for which they alone are responsible. With very few exceptions they have responded with much larger gifts than were asked. The Junior Special work is not the work however, which our Juniors were organized to support. Our societies should be training schools in missions, where the children learn of the great needs in all parts of the world and are filled with a zeal and desire to do everything in their power to meet these needs, so long as they live. Upon them, in a few years will rest the necessity for carrying on the great missionary enterprises of the church. They should be trained to give to *every* Department of Work carried on by the W. G. M. S. and to the Thank-Offering, as well as to the Junior Special. Last year only two societies contributed to every Department of Work. Most of the money they gave went to the Thank-Offering and to the Junior Special.

Miss Louise Scott of our India Mission has prepared a most interesting little play entitled "Daulate's Victory" for special programs on the Junior Special this year. The play gives us a glimpse of the village school and home life of little girls in India. There are not many speaking parts and none are difficult. The play can be adapted very nicely to smaller as well as larger societies. Miss Scott has given the pronunciation of names and some helpful suggestions regarding costumes and platform arrangement. We hope many of the societies will plan to present this play very soon. It can be had from the Literature Department, also the Junior Special boxes, which should be given out at once. We are asked to give $4,200.00 to the Junior Special. We hope every society will put forth great effort to make this the very best offering we have ever given.

Second Steubenville, Ohio and Beaver Pa. are entitled to mention on the Honor Roll for having contributed $100 or over. This brings the number of Honor Roll societies up to fifty-one. We are glad to welcome a new society at St. Joseph, Mo. Mrs. R. B. Brownlee is the leader.

JUNIOR MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

Mrs. Joseph M. Heagan, Editor

Published monthly by the Women's General Missionary Society

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Send subscriptions to the Editor, 200 Greenside Ave., Canonsburg, Pa.

Literature Department

MISS ELIZABETH MILLIGAN, Secretary,
904 Publication Bldg., 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MISSION STUDY, 1925—1926

HOME

The United Presbyterian Church and Its Work in America (Senior). Price, Cloth, 1.00; paper, 50c.

Suggestions to Leaders, 15c.

The Uplift (Junior). Price, 50-.

How to Use "The Uplift." 15c.

Admission Tickets to "The Uplift" class. Price 1c. each.

Better Americans. Third book of the "Better American" series. Price, 75c.

FOREIGN

Prayer and Missions (Senior). Price, cloth, 75c; paper, 50c.

How to Use "Prayer and Missions." 15c.

Brave Adventurers. (Junior). Price, paper, 50c.

How to Use "Brave Adventurers." 15c.

Poster Patterns for use in "Brave Adventurers." 56c. per set.

Brave Adventurers Cross Word Puzzles. 3c. each, 6 for 10c. In quantities less than 6, 2c. extra for postage.

From Station to Station in Our Foreign Fields. 15c.

Place the study of our own denominational study books first this year. Get books and helps early. Organize classes for men and women and young people and Juniors, and make an intensive study of the History of the United Presbyterian Church a part of your program for the year. Such a study should result in an intelligent knowledge of the history of our Church and a pardonable pride in its achievements.

FOR DECEMBER PROGRAM—INDIA

The People—Dress, Customs and Manners	3c.
Home Life	3c.
India's Womanhood	5c.
India's Women Finding Themselves	3c.
Women of India	2c.
Women Adventurers in India	3c.
A Woman's Sorrow	2c.
When Death Comes	2c.
Boisterous Waves	3c.
Boy's Own Story	2c.

A new leaflet, written by Miss Elizabeth McCahon of India, telling of the "Beginnings of the Girls' Boarding School, Sialkot," will be ready by the middle of December. This leaflet will be 3c. each, in quantities of six or over. Less than six, send, 1c. extra for postage.

PRAYER CYCLE for 1926 will be ready for distribution about the middle of December. Order now and we will mail as soon as they come from the press. Use them for Christmas presents and instead of Christmas Cards.

CATALOGUES and DEPARTMENTS OF WORK. Free for postage (2c. per doz).

POST CARDS—See November Magazine.

PAGEANTS

"Is It Nothing To You?" (Junior), 10c.

A Light to Lighten, 1c.

A Little Maid, 5c.

Hanging A Sign, 15c.

If They Only Knew, 10c.

Thanksgiving Ann, 10c.

The Pill Bottle, 20c.

Waiting for the Doctor, 5c.

Daulate's Victory (Junior Special), 10c.

I hope you will all read the article on Devotional Literature in this Magazine and act speedily on the proposition which it contains.

DEVOTIONAL LITERATURE

President Coolidge recently voiced a conviction which he has expressed before and which other thoughtful men of affairs have expressed. The greatest financial expert in our country has repeatedly made the same statement. It is the honest conviction of all thoughtful people who are concerned about the present moral condition of the world. "The need of the world is *spiritual*. We need a religion that has influence—we need to get right with God."

We do not disagree with the above statement as to the *need* of the world, but the great problem is how to supply the need. Every Christian agency needs to put forth its most earnest effort. The forces of evil

are arrayed to thwart every endeavor, so the forces of righteousness must be alert and active. No campaign of action is ever undertaken wisely unless it has been preceded by a campaign of education. Our General Assembly, realizing the necessity of getting information before the people of the Church, has authorized the Committee on Devotional Literature of the United Presbyterian Board of Publication to prepare a series of pamphlets, issued quarterly, dealing with doctrinal matters and also with questions of practical moment, subjects of vital importance to the spiritual life of the entire membership of our denomination. Five of these pamphlets have already been published and are as follows:— "Is the Bible the Word of God?" "Is Man a Creation or an Evolution?" "The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper," "The Question of Prayer," and "The Family Altar." Others will follow from time to time.

The Board of Publication has made a proposition to the Women's Board looking toward the widest possible distribution of these valuable pamphlets and the most practical benefit.

When Jack London wrote his Memoirs in his book entitled "John Barleycorn," he told why he voted for the women's suffrage amendment, although he had always been opposed to women in politics. He was convinced that Prohibition would never be enacted unless women were given the ballot. Although a hard drinker himself, he wanted John Barleycorn put out of business and he believed that women with the ballot could do it sooner than any other agency at work.

So the Board of Publication, in order to get this Devotional Literature used and made effective in helping to bring our denomination into a better understanding of the fundamental principles of our church are asking the mothers and wives and sisters and daughters to undertake to get them into use. All the literature in the world is useless unless it is read. If anyone can persuade young men and women to read good things a mother or wife should be able to.

The Board of Publication makes the following offer to the auxiliary societies of the Women's General Missionary Societies. They will furnish the above Devotional Literature, free of charge, except transportation charges, allowing the society to sell the pamphlet at five cents each and keep the money received for augmenting the funds of the society.

This offer is unusual, to say the least. In return, realizing that that which costs something has added value, they stipulate that the literature is to be *sold*, and the money received must be used for missionary purposes. Their chief desire is that the literature shall be widely distributed and carefully read.

Might we suggest that this would be a good way for a missionary society to secure its "Presbyterial Contingent Fund," or "W. G. M. S. Expense Fund," or the "Isaiah 41:6 Fund," as these funds are all over and above the regular society dues?

Outside of the money value to the organization which undertakes to distribute these pamphlets we feel that every one who thoughtfully reads them will profit greatly in the new understanding of the fundamental principles which underly all our Christian experience and practice.

Send for these pamphlets to the Literature Department, 904 Publication Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD
WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE
Both for $3.00
Send Orders to the Women's Missionary Magazine, Xenia, Ohio.

Foreign Missions

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL, Secretary, 340 S. Hiland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

On another page you will read the story of the ending of the earthly career of one of our best beloved missionaries. We are sure that the fruits of her labors have not only gone before, but will follow her.

We were all saddened to receive a cable from Egypt announcing that our beloved Dr. Carrie M. Buchanan has been ordered home for surgical treatment. A letter was received from her, dated October twenty-ninth, from which I quote the following, "The cable you have received will bring very sad word, only we know that the Lord has brought me safely through worse things than this. * * * The Mission is quickly arranging everything and is posting me off by the first steamer. I am not going to resign, dear Mrs. Campbell, for, after these almost five glorious years I have had, when everyone thought my work was over, I shall trust Him to give me still greater service."

So you see how the Father gives grace to triumph gloriously over all kinds of tribulations. We know that every reader of the Magazine will be much in prayer for Miss Buchanan, that the Lord will bring her safely home to this land and restore her speedily to health that she may take up the magnificient work that she has been doing since her return from her last furlough. Dr. W. B. Anderson says it is one of the finest pieces of work they saw anywhere in their visit to the field.

A cable received reads as follows, "Buchanan and companion sailed for New York, PRESIDENT ADAMS, on the eleventh." This steamer is due in Boston on the second of December. Immediately upon arriving Dr. Buchanan and her friend will go at once to Dr. Kelly of Baltimore, who so graciously and skillfully cared for her previous to her sailing to Egypt this last time.

A letter from Miss Carol McMillan states that work on the building for the Mary Clokey Porter Girls' Boarding School is progressing rapidly, and begins to talk to us about equipment, American chairs, desks, kindergarten outfit, etc., etc. She says that rag rugs would be very acceptable, of the size that one lays before dressers and bedsides. We are sure that here is a golden opportunity for missionary societies. That is the sort of thing they love to do. There are other things that will be needed, which will be reported as soon as definite information is received. We are just mentioning the rugs because it takes time to cut the rags and have them woven, and we would like to have enough for all the bed rooms in the building when it is opened. We are not quite sure of the cost of this building as yet, neither do we know what the equipment will cost, for we have not taken the matter up. Prices change from time to time and we therefore delayed as long as possible taking the matter up with the different seating companies in America. Will you not pray that the Lord will send any money that may be needed for the completion of this beautiful building in such fashion that it may be opened without a penny of debt. When you remember the beautiful life and wonderful consecration of the woman whose name it bears, you would remember how glad she would be, if she were here, to know that the building was completed free of encumbrances. Let all who loved her pray that this very desirable end may be accomplished.

All readers of the Magazine will be glad to learn that our prayers in behalf of the Misses Stewart and Polkinghorn of India, and their friends who accompanied them, Miss Porter, and Mrs. Crowe and son, were graciously answered by the loving Father and that they all arrived, in as good condition as could be expected, in New York at the appointed time. They were met, of

course, by our ubiquitous friend, Mr. McClellan, who attended to every thing possible. Miss Polkinghorn was met by an uncle and Miss Stewart by her father and brother. The uncle took the former to Boston for a little visit, where she stayed for a short time to recover from the voyage. As she had expressed a desire to stop off at Pittsburgh on her way, arrangements were made for her entrance to Columbia Hospital, where she was a guest for two weeks and a complete diagnosis was made of her case by our physicians there and sent to Miss Polkinghorn's physicians in Riverside, California, in writing. On the ninth of October, Mrs. J. B. Hill, our Treasurer, went to the hospital and took Miss Polkinghorn to the station, where Mr. Saylor of the Pennsylvania Railroad had made arrangements days before, securing her tickets, Pullman, etc., so that she would have no trouble at all, and saw her safely on the train. A telegram has been received that she reached her home in safety and was met by her friends, having had a comparatively comfortable journey. Will you not continue to pray that the doctors in California will be given divine wisdom that she may be speedily restored to normal health and strength?

Miss Stewart's father took her straight to her home in Hubbard, and as soon there-after as possible she was taken to a hospital in Youngstown, where a very serious operation was performed. We are glad to report that she is making a very comfortable recovery. She was very weak and for days was in a very critical condition, but she now seems to be making fine progress toward normal health. Pray for her and for all the friends that are afflicted in the illness of these two missionaries of ours.

We have had no direct report from Mrs. Crowe, but have very reason to believe that she reached her home and her children in New Wilmington in safety. Mr. Crowe expects to join his family in the spring on his regular furlough.

The health of all the other missionaries, as far as we know, in our four fields is of such character that no reports have been made, for which we are very grateful.

You will all rejoice to know that our prayers have been answered and that Dr. Simpson and Dr. Hunsberger of India have both agreed to return to the place that loves them so well and needs them so badly. expecting to sail on the twenty-fifth of November on the CITY OF LAHORE, accompanied by Emma Dean Anderson, and Miss Emma Stauffer, a graduate nurse who writes R. N. after her name. We are so glad to have her because of the resignation of Miss Ella Jamison for conscientious reasons. She has been led to believe that she is not serving her Lord well in the giving of medicines, that it be better to trust His power to heal. We accepted her resignation with great regret because her demand was imperative, so that we thought the Lord was sending Miss Stauffer to fill the vacancy thus caused. No one can imagine the glad welcome that these three veteran workers will receive from the people who know them and love them because of their devoted, loving services.

Pray for the guidance of the Holy Spirit in the work of the Boards of the Church. He has promised to give wisdom to all, who ask and to give it liberally and all of us realize that divine wisdom is necessary to deal with the problems that are facing the Foreign Board and the Women's Board at this time.

Pray that all the buildings commenced through the money received from the New World Movement may be completed without any financial deficit.

Pray that the spirit of sacrifice may be poured out upon the Church, that the New World Movement pledges may be fully met.

Pray that the Thank-Offering of 1925 may not only be worthy of the work for which it is intended, but worthy of the Master in whose name the offerings are presented and the work undertaken.

Pray that those in charge of our Magazine, which is so sorely bereaved in the going Home of our Mrs. Moore, may be given health and strength and divine courage to meet the labors and problems involved.

Pray that the Mrs. Moore Memorial Fund may be worthy of one who labored for us all so faithfully for twenty-one years, giving not only time and health, but much of the means which God had given her, to further the work of the Magazine of the Women's General Missionary Society.

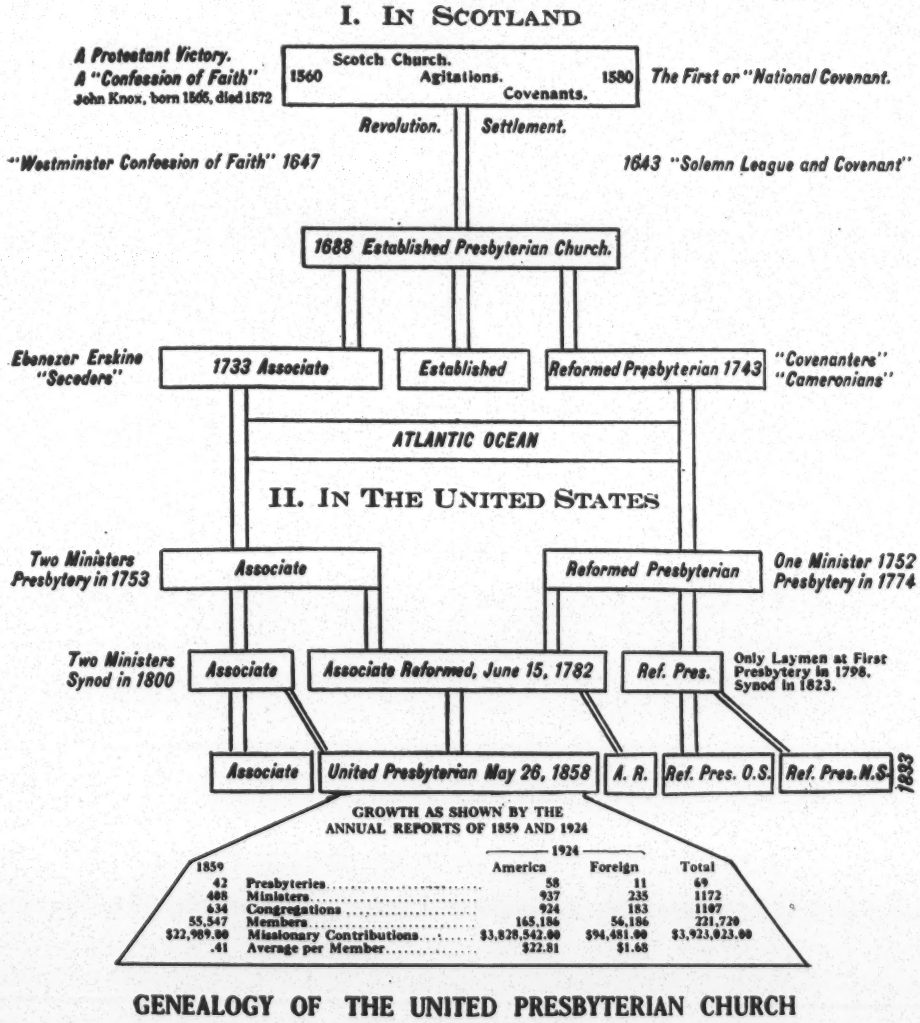
Pray that the membership of the missionary societies of the Church may be greatly augmented, that the Lord will call into this honorable service all who have willing hearts.

Pray that our beloved Mrs. Maxwell, who is sojourning in a hospital in Nashville, North Carolina, where she was sent to get rid of the rigors of a Pennsylvania winter, may be restored to the position which she so faithfully filled and the work which is so dear to her heart.

Pray for a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit on our whole Church, that thousands of souls may "hear His voice" and gladly acknowledge Him as Saviour and Lord.

Bible Readings

51 Isa. 38:1
52 Ruth 1:16
53 Gen. 4:10
54 Luke 2:36
55 Lev. 10:1—2
56 Judg. 16 chap.
57 2 Kings 9:30
58 John 20:21
59 2 Kings 2:11
60 Prov. 30:8
61 Heb. 3:2
62 Eccl. 5:10
63 Song of Solomon 1:5
64 Jer. 35:2
65 Micah. 5th Chap.
66 Joel 2:28—32
67 Rom. 16:15
68 Deut. 34:7
69 Acts 18:24
70 Gal. 5:22—23
71 Eph. 6:11
72 1 Chron. 1:1
73 Gen. 1:1
74 Nahum 1:1
75 Obadiah
76 In what book is this question found: "Who hath despised the day of small thing.?"
77 In what book is this question found: "Will a man rob God?"
78 What book records the circumcision of Jesus?
79 What book records the circumcision of Paul?
80 What book is addressed to a woman?
81 Who wrote, "Rejoice evermore?"
82 Who said, "Be exceeding glad?"
83 Who was Tamar?
84 Who describes the devil as a roaring lion?
85 Who wrote, "I am now ready to be offered?"
86 Who compares Israel to a backsliding heifer?
87 In what book is Jerusalem thus described: "She came down wonderfully?"
88 What book speaks of Alexander and Rufus?
89 In wose reign did Zephaniah prophesy?
90 Concerning whom does Paul write to Philemon?



GENEALOGY OF THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

HELEN BARRETT MONTGOMERY
Author of Prayer and Missions